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The Cresset

A REVIEW OF LITERATURE,

THE ARTS, AND PUBLIC AFFAIRS

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The

Cresset

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IN THE MAY CRESSET - - -

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The Cresset Vol. XXIV, No. 7 May, 1961

In Luce Tua

Comment on the Significant News by the Editors

"Respecting an Establishment of Religion"

WE ARE becoming more than a little weary of having the First Amendment thrown in our faces every time the question of Federal assistance to private and parochial schools is raised. We do not question the fact that Congress is prohibited from making any law respecting the establishment of a religion, i.e., giving a specific denomination the status of a state church. But there is nothing in the Amendment to prohibit Congress from distributing Federal funds, wtih even-handed generosity, among all of the denominations, sects, and religious societies that have sprung up in such riotous variety among us. We do not think it would be wise for Congress to do so, but there is, so far as we can see, nothing in the Amendment itself to prevent it from doing so.

The "wall of separation" theory is quite another matter. It is a creation of judicial interpretation motivated by an admirable desire to safeguard religion against government influence or control. It rests, however, upon the false assumption that there is a clean and definable line between the things of Caesar and the things of God. There is a wide area of overlap, and the institution within which this overlap is most obvious is the public school system.

The American people are incurably religious, and for all their denominational separatism they are remarkably agreed on their working theology. Reduced to its essentials, this theology holds that there is a good God Who is the father of all men and that under His fatherhood all men are brothers; that the whole duty of man is comprehended in the Golden Rule; that God deals with men and their societies under a system of rewards for good behavior (or at least good intentions) and punishments for violations of His law, i.e., the Ten Commandments; and that the chief objectives of religion are personal happiness and social justice.

This religion is being taught daily by precept and example in the public schools. It is the established religion of the United States. As man-made religions go, it is a good one. The fact that it is sub-Christian, and therefore in a sense anti-Christian, occasions, among some Christians, so much concern that they have found it advisable to maintain separate schools. So far as education is concerned, the real "wall of separation" is, therefore, a protective structure which has been erected around those schools which subscribe to the established religion, and its effect is to penalize those religious groups which, for whatever reason, have chosen a non-conformist position.

He who chooses the part of the non-conformist has no right to expect the rewards of conformity. But he does have the right to insist that the grounds on which those rewards are denied be clearly understood and clearly stated. Those of us who maintain separate schools do so not because we consider the public schools irreligious but because we recognize the strength, the attractiveness, and the nobility of the religion which is taught in them. For Lutherans, the quarrel is the old quarrel between Luther and Erasmus, a quarrel in which we learned that the more attractive a heretic is, the more dangerous he is. We fear the established religion of our country simply because we are so powerfully attracted to it.

"Prohibiting the Free Exercise Thereof"

The First Amendment not only forbids Congress to make any laws respecting an establishment of religion; it also forbids Congress to make any laws prohibiting the free exercise of religion.

This latter prohibition can not, of course, be applied absolutely. Neither a Mormon nor a Moslem is free, in this country, to practice polygamy. Mennonites are not free to ignore the compulsory schooling laws. Presumably, although the courts have never been called upon to rule on it, human sacrifice would not be allowed, whatever religious sanctions there might be be-

hind it. So it must be admitted at the outset that the "free exercise" which this Amendment seeks to safeguard is a relative thing.

That raises a vexing question: Where are the bounds of this freedom, and who determines them? For a Roman Catholic and for many Lutherans, the free exercise of their religion involves, among other things, the religious education of their children, in schools organized around a particular theology. If, for any reason, they were forced to abandon their schools, they would not be wholly free to exercise their religion, for in both churches all of learning is conceived of as religious and the schools are conceived of as seed-beds not only of the state but also of the church.

Of course, no one expects Congress to enact legislation which would have, as its direct purpose, the outlawing of parochial schools. But Congress may enact, and has enacted, various types of legislation which have this unhappy side-effect. A citizen may be effectively prohibited from doing all sorts of things simply by siphoning off, through taxation, the funds that he needs to do them. A whole peaceful social revolution was accomplished in Great Britain just after the War by a purposeful manipulation of the tax structure.

Groups of people may be denied the free exercise of their religion if the institutions which they maintain (schools, hospitals, benevolent socities, social welfare organizations) are forced out of existence by the preferential treatment of competing secular institutions. The allocation of federal funds to public schools can hardly fail to achieve the laudable objective of improving the quality of facilities and personnel in those schools. The denial of such assistance to private and parochial schools must therefore, however unintentionally, place these schools at an even greater competitive disadvantage than is presently the case.

We ought, in any case, to be clear about what we are doing. Massive Federal aid to public schools accompanied by a denial of equivalent assistance to private and parochial schools means, whether we intend it or not, the end of non-public schooling. It won't happen suddenly and it may not happen soon, but it will happen. If this is what we want to happen, well and good and hang the First Amendment. But then let's be honest about it and not delude ourselves with pious hopes that the systematic starvation of private education will somehow strengthen and invigorate it.

The State and the Church in Education

A century ago it would have been comparatively easy to resolve the conflicting claims of church and state in education on the elementary level. The function of the school was defined in modest terms, and the state might have been content with any kind of schooling that achieved these ends. Children went to school to learn to read, write, and calculate, to memorize the basic "facts" of geography and history, and to get some experience in sitting still for prolonged periods of time.

The modern school has no such limited objectives. Its confessed objective is the education of "the whole person," and it makes much of the inculcation of attitudes and values – sometimes, its critics allege, at the expense of basic information and skills. We are not concerned at this point with arguing the question of whether the schools should take such a large responsibility upon themselves. The fact of the matter is that they do.

We believe that Caesar is guilty of arrogating to himself the things that are God's when the state claims the right to educate the whole person. If it actually does so, it usurps the legitimate educational functions of the church, for it is the church, and not the state, which is charged with the responsibility of inculcating attitudes and values. If it does not do so, it leaves the whole spiritual side of man untouched, thus abrogating its own confessed responsibility for the whole person and, at the same time, giving the impression that religion is some sort of permissible eccentricity which really has nothing to do with the operations of the hand or the mind.

We believe that it is historically accurate to say that all institutions tend toward tyranny. The tyranny of the church is called clericalism. The tyranny of the state goes by many names. To entrust the education of the whole person to either church or state is, therefore, to invite tyranny. To allot to each a reasonable and circumscribed role in education would minimize the dangers of tyranny.

We believe that it is possible for the state to define its legitimate goals and purposes in education in such a way that both public and private schools could serve as adequate instruments for their attainment. If this were done, we see no reason why the state could not allocate funds to any school, public or private, which would undertake to organize its curriculum in such a way as to meet the legitimate needs of the state – whatever it might choose to do beyond that. The problem now, as we see it, is that the state is not willing to admit that there are limits to its legitimate interests in education, and it is this claim upon the whole person that we see as a real threat to freedom.

Christian Family Week

Congregations of the Lutheran Church - Missouri Synod will be observing the week of May 7-14 as Christian Family Week. If they follow the suggestions of the Board of Parish Education, they will emphasize Christian parent-youth relationships with the aim of cultivating Christian understanding between youth and parents.

We remember reading somewhere several years ago that when a couple begins to find it necessary to discuss their marriage there isn't much of a marriage left to

discuss. We suspect that it is the same with the Christian family; when it begins to need a week of its own, it probably means that the family is in a bad way the other fifty-one weeks of the year. Two recent studies indicate that this actually is the case.

The first of these studies, released last year by Lutheran Youth Research, suggests that the young people of the Church suffer from strong feelings of insecurity. Despite all of Lutheranism's emphasis upon free grace, our young people are plagued by doubts about the realty of forgiveness. And despite all that we have like to believe about the warmth and stability of Lutheran homes, a surprisingly large number of our young people seem to feel that they can not speak freely with their parents about the problems that bother them.

The second of these studies, released just this month and to be reviewed at greater length in next month's book review section, indicates that Lutheran people take their standards of sexual morality and their patterns of sexual behavior at least as much from the society around them as from the teachings of the Church. This will probably come as no surprise to pastors, teachers, and professors, whose work brings them into close association with people, but it may give pause to certain naive folk who act and talk as though Lutherans were as pure in their lives as they claim to be pure in doctrine.

The Board of Parish Education has suggested an elaborate program of family nights and buzz sessions and committee projects and "Evenings with Mom and Dad" for Christian Family Week, and it is all very good as far as it goes. But neither the Board nor the church at large can create that new heart or renew that right spirit which must precede any restoration of the family to its proper function as an *ecclesiola,* a little church, in the home. Whatever limited value there may be in gimmicks, our real need is for penitence and for the recovery of those qualities of moral earnestness which give depth to joy and meaning to activity. Perhaps the best way to celebrate Christian Family Week would be to take time out from our frenetic busy-ness and become re-acquainted with each other in our homes. They say that "a family that prays together stays together." We would suggest that the converse might be equally true, that "the family that stays together prays together."

The Peace Corps

There are good grounds for the cautiousness with which a number of competent critics have approached the Peace Corps. The American standard of living is so vastly superior to that of those countries into which Peace Corpsmen are likely to be sent that one can hardly help wondering how many of our young people will actually be able to get by on an allowance sufficient merely to match local living standards. Few of our people, young or old, have enough background in geography even to form a reasoned judgment about their ability to get by in, say, the rainy Tropics or the savannah lands, the kinds of places to which they are most likely to be sent. And one might seriously question how many of our people have the kinds of skills and dispositions that will be needed in countries where most tools and materials are still very primitive and where attitudes reflect a very different culture from anything that we are acquainted with. Even the problem of communication will be a tough one.

Nevertheless, the Peace Corps is an idea worth trying. Something has to break this cycle of cynicism and purposelessness in which young people are caught nowadays. Whatever the objections may be to a Peace Corps, they can hardly be any more valid than the objections which any reasonably thoughful person can raise to the draft. For an estimated twenty to twenty-four million dollars a year (eleven to fifteen cents per person), we shall be trying to supply perhaps two thousand of our most carefully selected young people with what Henry James described as one of mankind's most urgent needs – a "moral equivalent to war." The mere presence of such an alternative – if it proves feasible – could do much to change the whole tone and outlook of a generation which, as of now, has nothing to look forward to but a profitless interlude of playing soldier in training for a war which few expect to survive and which fewer still want to survive.

We're with the young folks on this, and we wish them well. Maybe the Peace Corps is not the answer, maybe it is only another way of phrasing the question. Twenty years ago, some of us were just as "idealistically" roaming the far places of the earth in quest of peace. We sought it then as we were told it must be sought, by destroying those who threatened it. Without regretting having made the try, we know now that we were on the wrong track; they that take the sword, however worthy the cause, continue to perish by the sword. Maybe the Peace Corpsmen are merely on another wrong track. But it couldn't be much wronger than ours was and perhaps, just perhaps, it might lead somewhere.

Blue and Grey and Black

Some of our best friends, and one of our sons, are Civil War buffs, and we would not want to deny them whatever innocent pleasure they may be able to derive from fighting the old war all over a century later. Incapable as we are of sharing their enthusiasm for what seems to us an unrelieved tragedy, we can still see, in a dim way, what might attract them to the war. There was a great deal of gallantry on both sides, there were heroic figures such as Lincoln and Lee whom we would be the poorer for forgetting. But in some of the centennial observances, we have noted certain tendencies which, we believe, ought to be reversed before the centennial years become a skewed prism

through which we look back upon a distorted picture of what the war was really all about.

For some opportunists, the centennial celebrations have become merely an occasion to make money. Television, in particular, is engaged in a fictionalization of the war which distorts not only the facts but the meaning of history. And it seems that every crossroads hamlet through which a platoon marched between 1861 and 1865 has scheduled some sort of tourist-trap celebration. We have no objection to the writing of fiction nor to community fetes, but we do think that it takes a consummate artist to play with facts without distorting them, and we doubt that there are that many consummate artists going now or in any generation.

What concerns us even more, though, is the tendency, particularly in the South, to create the impression that the war really didn't settle anything, that the questions over which it was fought are still open questions. We stand with Lincoln and Lee for reconciliation, for an end to malice and for a new national unity based upon charity for all. But we are still in debt to the honored dead who, if we forget what it was they were fighting for, will have died in vain. Jefferson Davis was a traitor to the United States of America, and while we do not insist on hanging him from a sour apple tree we do not care to see the anniversary of his inauguration made the occasion for a separatist celebration, either. The cemeteries of the border states are white with the crosses of young men who died in defense of Lincoln's contention that this nation could not endure half-slave and half-free. We have lost patience with those who, a century later, are still acting as though civil rights for the Negro were debatable or, worse still, deniable. The outcome of the war established the principle that Federal law, once it has been found constitutional by the courts, prevails over local or state law. We are tired of listening to whiny-voiced advocates of state sovereignty who are still trying to make an argument for such devices as nullification and interposition.

Many a gallant young Southern life was given for a cause which Southern leaders had chosen to put to the issue of war. Their decision was a tragic one, and its consequences were tragic. But only by accepting these consequences as decisive can we soften their tragedy, for it would be the worst of all tragedies if a war so long and so bloody were to have been fought to no decision. The honored dead of the South, no less than those of the North, would have good reason to be distressed at any kind of celebration or commemoration which looks back to 1855 rather than 1865.

A Thought for the Month

United Nations population experts have done some calculating and have come up with the conclusion that the world's population will pass the three-billion mark sometime this year. This means that there will be more people living on our earth at one time than had lived through all the millennia before 1800.

What happens to our ideas of the value and the worth of the individual when, day by day and year by year, the individual becomes a smaller fraction of mankind.

On Second Thought

BY ROBERT J. HOYER

THE PAGAN in the ancient world and today brings his sacrifice in order to appease an angry god. He has a concept of a god jealous of his own prerogatives, and he says in effect: "See, here I sacrifice part of my blessings and my happiness. I am reducing myself so that I do not stand against you. Now in return, grant me this or that specific blessing."

The sacrifice God prescribed in the Old Testament for His people was entirely different. The individual identified himself with his sacrifice not in terms of wealth, but in terms of sin and guilt. He said in effect: "See, here I place my sin and guilt on this symbolic sacrifice, and I kill it and give it to You. I reject my own acts and rely only on Your mercy." And his sacrifice was a way of accepting the forgiveness of God.

The cross of Christ is the fulfillment of this Old Testament sacrifice. On Calvary, Jesus was identified with the sin and guilt of man. God made Him who knew no sin to be sin for us. But God was the Sacrificer, and God was the Sacrifice. The Sacrifice did not reconcile an angry God, it reconciled *man* to God. It was the exact and complete opposite of the pagan sacrifice; the explanation of the Old Testament sacrifice.

The pagan brought his sacrifice to appease the wrath of an angry god. In a sense, he sacrificed himself in order to change God from hate to love. God gave His Son into death to appease the wrath of an angry mankind. He sacrificed Himself in order to change man from hate to love. Such is the incredible concept of God's infinite love: the Creator laying Himself as sacrifice at the feet of His creation!

There is no word that man can say in answer to this terrible deed. He can either reject it: "This be far from Thee, God!" or in unending abject shame, with gratitude wrung out of agony, he can accept it. He cannot really watch it happen, and respond: "That's nice!"

You do not take up your cross and follow Jesus when your sacrifice means giving yourself and your means to God. You begin to understand the cross when you sacrifice yourself to angry men on behalf of God, to appease their wrath and reconcile them to a loving God. This is the way Paul sacrificed himself, and he said: "I bear in my body the marks of Jesus."

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Reluctant Collaborators

BY ALFRED R. LOOMAN

A YEAR OR SO ago, a cigarette company produced a "thinking man" commercial which appeared on television at rather frequent intervals. In these commercials, in case you don't remember, a man engaged in some intricate hobby is interviewed by the representative of the cigarette company. The representative is of the opinion the man's hobby is really his vocation, but it turns out the man's work is something entirely different.

Absurd as some of these vignettes were, they may have been helpful if they succeeded in causing us to examine ourselves to determine if we are doing what we do best. Most of us have met persons who have a great deal of talent in an area quite different from the one in which they earn their pay. And we have known others who were very good in their vocations, but who felt they should be doing something else, and, consequently, were never satisfied.

All this is by way of introduction to two men who together were excellent in one field, but who were not satisfied they were doing what they should. These men were W. S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan who wrote the comic operettas, *H.M.S. Pinafore, The Mikado, Pirates of Penzance,* and ten other hits of their day. Most operatic composers outlive the fame of their productions, because an operetta is an ephemeral thing that becomes dated in a short period of time. But somewhere tonight, and probably in a number of places throughout the world, a Gilbert and Sullivan opera will be performed.

Even now, eighty years after they were first produced, these operettas have a sustained popularity that shows few signs of diminishing. While they contained topical allusions that are meaningless today, most of the lyrics and the music seem as fresh now as when they were first written.

The reason is simple. Both Gilbert and Sullivan had talent when working alone, but when working together they had a genius for intellectual satire. Neither of these men would admit they were better working together, however. Faced with the immediate success of their collaboration, one would think they could recognize the stimulation one gave the other. But it took the pressure of popular demand and the help of mutual friends to keep them working as a team.

Despite years of close association, the two men never became friends and never addressed each other by first name. Each continued to think he would be better on his own and that he was carrying the other to success. Sullivan never changed his mind about this, and if Gilbert did, he never said it publicly.

Both Gilbert and Sullivan were fairly popular and mildly successful before they met. Gilbert had produced a number of plays which showed his flair as a dramatist, and his *Bad Ballads* proved his ability as a comic writer, long before he met Sullivan. Even in the midst of his later popularity, he thought he should be writing serious plays, though his attempts in this direction indicated that when he wanted to be serious he could only be pathetic.

Sullivan had a steady following in music circles before he met Gilbert. He had won the Mendelssohn scholarships at the Royal Academy, studied in Leipzig, and written *Kenilworth Cantata, Irish Symphony,* the *Marmion Overture, Te Deum,* and *The Prodigal Son,* before he collaborated with Gilbert. Musicians felt he had great possibilities as a composer, and even after his success with the operettas his musician friends wanted him to get away from comic opera and do something serious.

But who remembers Gilbert for the *Bab Ballads,* or *Dulcamara,* or *Palace of Truth?* And how often do you hear Sullivan's *Symphony in E* or the *Martyr of Antioch?* Two of Sullivan's compositions became and have remained popular, but I doubt they would have been his choice of works to survive. They are *Onward Christian Soldiers* and *The Lost Chord.*

Two present-day collaborators, whose work in some ways resembles that of Gilbert and Sullivan, are Alan Jay Lerner and Frederick Loewe, who wrote *Brigadoon, My Fair Lady,* and *Camelot,* among others. From reports, they are happiest working together and realize that they are better as a team than either is as an individual.

This is something neither Gilbert nor Sullivan ever learned. While the pressure of friends and the popular success of their collaboration were in part responsible for keeping them together, the one thing that motivated their continued cooperation, above all, was money. While neither of these eminent Victorians would admit a motive so crass, it is apparent they never settled down to work on their next operetta until d'Oyle Carte started talking financial remuneration.

Toward A Reunion of Religion and Art

By Joseph Ishikawa
Director of the Sioux City Art Center

ONE COMMON technique employed by all writers on religion and art calls for the opening remark that *"all* art is religious." With this, the writer proceeds to display any visual material he may have to make his point, such point being to the effect that every artist has a philosophical and even spiritual point of view which he assumes when creating a work of art, with a proper attitude of reverence toward his materials and subject matter or, more recently, lack of subject matter.

While this technique has the virtue of giving infinite latitude in the choice of visual material, it has always impressed me as begging the question. Undoubtedly every serious painter or sculptor or printmaker does approach his work with a certain seriousness of purpose which might be called a religious spirit, but this would be religious only in the broadest sense, so broad as to be virtually meaningless.

Another approach is to show several examples of traditional church art, analyze them from the aesthetic point of view, inject a few humorous stories about what dissolute and immoral characters some of the artists really were in their private lives, and recapture a serious note by pointing out the inspirational value of good religious works of art.

Still another, and the simplest, approach is to give a brief historical survey of works of art which are religious in content.

I am not sure where I fit in because my main concern for some time has been with the wide gap which presently exists between the church, especially the Christian Protestant church, and the serious artist.

What God Hath Joined Together . . .

It has always struck me as strange that the artist should be so little concerned with religion in his work, and the church so little concerned with art, when the history of man is largely a record of how the two are bound together. The earliest cave paintings were surely religious in content, designed to invoke divine aid in the hunt so that food would be plentiful, or else calculated to bring divine protection from pedatory beasts. And even so recent a religion as Christianity, in breaking with Judaism and its prohibition of images, almost from its origin used visual images as symbols of its faith and its doctrine. As a matter of fact, St. Paul refers to Christ as the divine image; in other words, the "ikon of God." In the catacombs, Madonnas dating back to the second century have been found. The early Christian Church found pictures and sculptures of inestimable benefit in carrying the Gospel to illiterates, and except for the iconoclastic period of 116 years in the eighth and ninth centuries when the Eastern Church dominated Christendom, art was a vital part of the life of the Church until shortly after the Reformation.

Since the end of the Second World War, the Western World and especially the United States has experienced what has been described as a religious revival, marked not only by a great increase in church membership which could be attributed in large measure to the phenomenal population growth, but also by an increase in the ratio of church-members to non-members. For the first time since colonial days, the majority of the people of the United States are affiliated with one faith or another. That this resurgence of religious activity is not being reflected in the art which is now being produced seems, on the surface, surprising. Historically, art is alleged to be an accurate mirror of its age. Why, then, does contemporary art not reflect the current cultural phenomenon of increased church activity? To be sure, a few individual artists utilize religious themes, but nowhere is their evidence of a genuine art movement comparable to the "back to church" movement which has characterized post-war American society.

Why has a wedge been driven between the church and the artist? Part of the responsibility for the schism undeniably must be assumed by the artist. It is commonly agreed among virtually all artists that form is more important than content, that the contextual is subordinate to purer aesthetic considerations — and this is a view increasingly accepted by the ordinary citizen who is not an artist. Moreover, quite a large number of contemporary artists carry this concept several steps further and hold that content is of no importance whatsoever; indeed, that it may even hinder the aesthetic experience. This attitude obviously leaves little room for the utilization of religious concepts.

The Church's Responsibility

Even so, the bulk of the responsibility must rest with the Church which, for years, has been unresponsive to any contemporary art expression or, for that matter, to most serious traditional art. Even worse, when the Church does use art at all, it usually promotes the very worst kind — pictures that by no stretch of the imagination have any aesthetic quality and which are religious only in the bare sense that they purport to pictorialize Bible stories, utilizing people and scenes reminiscent of Hollywood in its most blatant mood.

Several times a month, in a church which I formerly

attended, I used to go to the Fellowship Hall in the basement of the church for meetings of one kind or another. At one end of the hall is a picture with which I am afraid most Lutherans are all too familiar. It is a reproduction of Heinrich Hoffmann's picture of Christ in the Garden of Gethsemane, a copy of which also hung in our home when I was a child. This particular picture happened to be worse than most reproductions of Hoffmann's painting because it was illuminated by a light behind it. Not once – not even when I saw the original – has this picture inspired me. Nor does it says anything about the sufferings of the Christ Who pleaded three times in Gethsemane, "Let this cup pass from me." Nor does it in any way capture His willing acceptance of God's will, "Nevertheless, not my will, but Thine . . ." Nor does it convey any sense of Jesus' abandonment by His sleeping disciples. I haven't even mentioned the fact that it is a bad painting; my point is only that it is theologically inadequate. Hoffmann does, indeed, chronicle the external facts of this dramatic event, but he does so without the impact of the drama, with really no insight at all into the turmoil, the despair, the anguish, the noble acceptance of Christ. I am not, please understand, passing any judgment on Hoffmann's personal sincerity or devoutness. But his "Christ in Gethsemane" caricaturizes that awful moment in our Lord's life.

In Sunday School rooms throughout the country are reproductions of Bible story pictures turned out by insensitive and cynical commercial hacks, printed in pastel colors that children are supposed to love. Some of these are published by reputable publishing houses which are concerned not with art but with illustrative material. But too many are published by companies without consciences. They do not begin to portray the drama of the events which they purport to describe, and they reveal neither truth nor poetry nor beauty. Siegfried Reinhardt, who judged the first "Life of Christ Show," put it very graphically when he said, "The most callous people in the country are making cheap church art by the ton; the most devoted people are sitting in front of it every Sunday, and somebody is taking in cash at the expense of good art and good people." This sounded like a strong indictment to me until I recalled the experience of one of our students who was graduated from the University of Nebraska and went to New York to study at the Art Students League. The scholarship he had being inadequate for his subsistence, he sought a part-time job. One ad sounded as though it were art-related, so he went to the address listed. There he discovered that they wanted him to sell cheap religious reproductions. Misunderstanding his refusal for an anti-religious attitude, they then produced pornographic material for him to sell, disconcerting him even more.

So What?

Both the Church and the artist might well raise the question: "Is it really necessary or even desirable to heal the breach between religion and art?"

From the Church's point of view, it might well be held that art has lost its usefulness for the Church. In the primitive Christian era, art had a didactic value as a teaching tool. In the Middle Ages and the Renaissance art was an effective means of expressing dogma and served a decorative purpose as well. While the Reformation has been blamed by many for the lack of art in Protestant churches, as a kind of reaction to the dogmatic art in the Roman Church at that time, the fact is that Martin Luther made effective use of prints by the great Lucas Cranach to illustrate his translation of the Bible and had paintings in his possession that had been done by his friend Cranach.

Nevertheless, the Church might maintain that, in our present society, the commercial illustrations which I have maligned are adequate to reveal and foster Christian principles, and that inspiration can be gotten from other sources; that, in other words, Fine Art by our pragmatic standards is useless. Significantly, such utilitarian arts as architecture and the decorative crafts have fared quite well in the modern Church.

For his part, the artist might feel that he is freer now than the artists of the Renaissance and earlier periods. By and large, these artists were at the mercy of the Church itself, as chief patron of the arts, or of wealthy families that were willing to commission only religious works so as to find favor with the Church. Convinced that content is not important in assessing artistic merit, today's artist might feel relieved at not being compelled to confine his expression to a limited range of subject matter. Furthermore, the artist who is forced to work on commission only is reduced to being largely a craftsman. So secularization has served, in a sense, to emancipate the artist.

What Both Could Gain

And yet, both the Church and the artist have much more to gain than to lose by healing the breach between them.

The Church would gain a great deal by utilizing the best art of its time for liturgical purposes. In an article entitled "Religious Art and the Modern Artist" (*Magazine of Art,* November, 1951), Father M. A. Couturier, a French priest, explains why ten of the greatest masters of modern art were selected to decorate and design, with complete freedom, the church at Assy, the chapel at Vence, and his own church at Audincourt. The reason? Simply that they were the ten best painters and sculptors of their day. He goes on to say that those who made the choices believed it was their duty to procure for God and their Faith the best art of the present age. And so they went out for the best: Bonnard, Matisse, Rouault, Braque, Leger, Chagall, Miro, Lurcat, Lipchitz, and Henri Laurens. The only great European missing was Picasso. Of the ten, Chagall and Lipchitz

are Jews. Only the great Rouault had been a creator of significant Christian art, although Chagall had utilized the Crucifixion frequently as a sociological document. The others were mostly non-religious. Father Couturier defends their selection thus: "We have . . . believed and stated that the ideal way in which to revive Christian art would always be to have geniuses who happened to be saints . . . but under the actual conditions, since men of this kind do not exist, we believed that if we were to effect a revival of liturgical art it would be safer to turn to geniuses without faith than to believers without talent."

He continues: "We were tired of always seeing in our churches the most mediocre examples of painting and sculpture. In the long run . . . this mediocrity could only result in seriously altering the religious psychology of clergy and worshippers alike . . . Unbelievers, comparing these works to the great Christian art of the past, would inevitably question the vitality of a Faith and a Church that could remain content with them." These statements are all the more remarkable when it is realized that Father Couturier does not serve a sophisticated, intellectual parish but one composed largely of laboring people.

Aside from examining the liturgical possibilities of good art, the Church would enrich its knowledge of contemporary culture by studying the products of contemporary art, secular as well as ecclesiastical, evaluating both by and with Christian criteria. Contemporary man, a legitimate concern of the Church, can not be fully understood without some analysis of contemporary art. If the Church is concerned for political man and economic man — and it is — why should it not be concerned also for aesthetic man?

The artist, on the other hand, has a greater obligation to Society than simply to reflect his times or to paint in the manner currently in vogue. The significant artist is not consciously motivated by these external things, in any case. He is motivated by qualities within him. And if he is a Christian artist, why should he not work as does the Christian minister, the Christian doctor, the Christian carpenter, or the Christian housemaid — for the glory of God? This does not necessarily mean that he must work only with the symbols of the Church. He is not compelled to yield to the tyranny of working with specific and limited subject matter, and should not undertake to do so unless he wills it. But, by the same token, neither is he compelled by any tyranny to produce only works completely devoid of content. While it is accepted that content without form is aesthetically meaningless, it should be recognized that content is capable of being a vital ingredient, though not the end product, of art. For instance, the critic who wrote that an apple by Cezanne is better than a Madonna by Raphael was only saying that Cezanne had almost four more centuries of experience to utilize. The point would have been clearer if he had said that Cezanne was technically capable of painting a better Madonna than Raphael. It is a pity that Cezanne did not feel moved to do so. It would be as great a pity if the contemporary artist were to continue to feel alien within the framework of religious expression.

The Core of the Quarrel

If the rift between religion and art is to be closed, it must be recognized that the quarrel is not between traditional art and contemporary art, between conservative art, and experimental art. The quarrel is simply between good art and bad. It is the Church's duty, on all levels of clergy and laity, to become aware of the significance that art has in our civilization and to attempt to attain a competence to assess artistic expression. The Church should assume leadership in this area no less than in other areas of social concern. The Church should be the first to realize that contemporary art is only the latest development in a major activity of man that had its beginnings, as far as we know, in the caverns of Spain and France. The Church should be the first to recognize that contemporary art is as much a reflection of our society as Renaissance art was a reflection of fourteenth-, fifteenth-, and sixteenth-century European society. The Church which now uses such modern tools as public address systems, television, and the airplane should not be fearful of contemporary art or contemporary artists.

The Church should also furnish inspiration for the creative artist as it should for every one of its children in his appropriate calling. It should reassume its historic position as a patron of art. It should encourage art that is not necessarily propagandistic or utilitarian. It should make use of art and of what the artist reflects of contemporary society to re-examine the Church's values.

If, by its rejection of art, the Church is incomplete as a social institution, certainly the artist is incomplete without faith, whatever its nature. The artist should not be afraid of expressing his convictions. Religious sources have by no means been exhausted, and the tools, techniques, and media currently available equip the modern artist to depict abstract religious concepts with far more conviction than any Byzantine artist.

This does not mean that an artist must use religious themes to prove his faith. The first right of any artist is to paint what he wants to paint in any manner that he chooses. But being a Christian is more than a matter of giving the tithe, more than a matter of worshiping regularly. A Christian's faith should be reflected in his work as well as in his worship. If the Christian surgeon prays before picking up the scalpel, why should the Christian artist not pray before picking up the brush, as did Fra Angelico? Or why does he not approach his work with the same reverence as did Giotto, who felt that every painting he created was an

offering to God? To paint for a specific audience with the idea of catering to it and therefore being patronized by it is to vitiate the creative process, and the end product can be no more than a commodity. But I hope I am not being maudlin in suggesting that a nobler alternative to painting for oneself is to paint for God.

Signs of a Rapprochement

There is, happily, some evidence that an attempt is being made to bridge the gap between religion and art. What is happening within Lutheranism is probably well enough known to readers of this magazine that I need not go into it here. Let me, therefore, cite only an example here and there from outside Lutheranism. The Methodist Student Youth Movement, through *Motive* magazine, has long been concerned with seeking solutions to this problem and has consistently been a mighty champion of good art. An increasing number of seminaries now require a course in ecclesiastical art – a step, though only a partial one, in the right direction. The National Council of Churches of Christ in America has formed a Department of Worship and the Arts which has been investigating the problem and is seeking remedies. Such ventures are, I hope and believe, indicative of the Church's interest in repairing the breach between itself and the artist and his art.

Earlier I commented on the great increase in church membership since the War. I suppose that it would be fair to say that there has been an equally impressive increase in the number of artists, professional and amateur, that have cropped up since the end of the War. For that matter, all sorts and conditions of men have grown numerically since the war, from the greatest statesmen of our century to the alcoholics who are undergoing rehabilitation. Numbers in themselves mean nothing. But there is at least the hope that the vitality of the forces which have brought about the phenomenon of growth in church membership and in the number of artists may make possible a kind of renascence which will, among other things, inspire artists more effectively to reflect man's search for spiritual values and perhaps create an audience appreciative of this effort. At any rate, any step in this direction is to be welcomed.

LEGEND

God was thinking, "Let there be
Something especially for Me –
Something made of earth and air,
Shaped and shafted like a prayer;
Some one perfect, lovely thing
To lean My heart against in spring.
It must have an earthly root
And bear the earth's rich pain of fruit,
And yet must be my very own
And in the garden stand alone."

God was thinking, "Let there be –,"
And then He spoke The Apple Tree.

– Don Manker

Lionel Lincoln, A Forgotten Story of the American Revolution

By Abigail Ann Hamblen

THE POPULAR reputation, here and abroad, of James Fenimore Cooper rests on his Leatherstocking tales, those stories of Indians, pioneers, hot haste, and pell-mell pursuits, with their background of a fresh, unbroken American wilderness. With Washington Irving, Cooper stands at the beginning of the literature that might be called distinctively American, but his personality is infinitely more colorful than Irving's. With his forest and frontier knowledge (he was reared on the edge of civilization), and his sea-experience (he was in the Navy for five years), he had a compelling, almost involuntary patriotism that makes him one of the first interpreters of American ways and American history. He was aristocratic in temperament, but democratic in theory; yet the greater part of his life was spent in quarreling with his fellow countrymen, and in being misunderstood by them. He clung to old-world ideas of gentility and class-divisions, even while he was honestly sympathetic toward all which the young republic was striving to attain.

An interesting study would be his fictional treatment of the American Revolution, for in that the conflict between the idea of privilege and the ideal of equality was certainly involved. Of the novels he wrote centering on the struggle for independence, only *The Spy* and *The Pilot* are really well-known. *The Spy,* published in 1821, was his first success, and is the novel that may be said to have begun officially the era of American romance; it contains all the elements of a good Cooper story — the first Cooper "primitive," for instance, the solitary, ubiquitous Harvey Birch; the mysterious and powerful stranger, Washington incognito; lively scenes of fighting; lonely scenes of hiding and waiting.[1] *The Pilot* (1823) is notable chiefly for being a lively story of the fighting on the sea, written, so Cooper himself explains, to show that nautical scenes may be authentically presented in a novel. *Wyandotte,* written much later (1843), is a bitter tale of the effects of the war on a small village.

Cooper's war novel that contains the most about the Revolution is *Lionel Lincoln,* and it has been so often labeled "dull" that almost no one today has read it.[2] Few people acquainted with Natty Bumppo and Uncas are aware that Cooper even wrote such a book.

Until well into our own century, all stories of the Revolution, to be liked, had to deal with the war from the patriots' point of view. They had to show the Americans as earnest and sacrificing, pitting themselves against an arrogant power, and winning because of sheer pluck and fervor.[3] Cooper, for some queer, grim, half-humourous reason, chose in *Lionel Lincoln* to make his hero a British officer — wealthy, titled, dashing, and incapable of being won over to the American cause. This was daring and disastrous. *Lionel Lincoln* was rejected from the first, and not even the fact that its arch-villainess, Mrs. Lechmere, is a Tory redeemed it.

But time has passed, and attitudes have changed. Kenneth Roberts' *Oliver Wiswell,* published in 1940, which tells sympathetically of the sufferings of the Loyalists, and speaks bitterly of the Americans, has had great popularity. The American Revolution is a matter of fascinating history today, with little rancor attached to its memory, for both the United States and Great Britain are assailed by a force that threatens what they now know they hold in common. Freedom rings in a deeper key.

And so *Lionel Lincoln* might be read in a different spirit from that of 1825, when the events it describes were only fifty years away. The charges of dullness and absurdity leveled against it may be admitted, but perhaps they might not be found so pronounced as some critics would have them: I submit that it deserves to be read because it gives so clear and honest a picture of an important era. Incidentally, it is almost as fast-paced as the Leatherstocking tales.

Briefly it is the story of Major Lincoln, of the 47th Regiment, who is sent to Boston in 1775 with his men to swell the garrison stationed in that restive spot. Lincoln is twenty-five, handsome, rich, and the son of a baronet. Curiously, he is Boston-born, having been taken to England as a very small child at the time his father came into a title and estates. Thus he finds himself in the rather equivocal position of returning to his native land in the character of an enemy. Still there are friends there: the wealthy grand dame Mrs. Lechmere, who is his father's aunt; her lovely granddaughter, Cecil Dynevor; and her niece's daughter, also lovely, Agnes Danforth. Through all the exciting year he spends in Boston, Lionel Lincoln watches and takes part in great events — being on hand at Lexington and Concord, getting wounded at Bunker Hill, and finally

1 " . . . It is still one of the best romances of the Revolution," says Robert Spiller, going on to remark that "Cooper never did better at a straight historical novel." **The Cycle of American Literature,** Mentor Book, 1957, p. 41.

2 One historian says, "Few if any novels in his later work, and relatively few from the pens of other writers, have equaled in pompous dullness **Lionel Lincoln** . . . a well-informed but preposterous melodrama told against an oddly contrasting background of Boston on the eve of the Revolution." **Literary History of the U.S.,** (MacMillan) p. 262.

3 Cooper himself, in his preface to **Wyandotte,** says, "We have been so much accustomed to hear everything extolled, of late years, that could be dragged into the remotest connection with that great event, and the principles which led to it, that there is danger of over-looking truth, in a pseudo-patriotism. Nothing is really patriotic, however, that is not strictly true and just . . ." ed. of 1873 (D. Appleton and Co.), p. v.

leaving in March, 1776. He becomes well acquainted with the spirit and attitude of the Americans and discovers how families can be separated in such a war, for while Cecil is a loyal subject, Agnes' sympathies are all with the patriot cause.

A great many things happen to Lionel personally during that short explosive year. He marries the beautiful Cecil: he is once captured by the Americans, and then aided in his escape by a mysterious old man who had come on the same ship with him to America. He finds himself entangled in a dark mystery involving the great Mrs. Lechmere, the elderly stranger, and a half-witted boy who with his degraded mother lives in an old warehouse on Dock Square. Some rather frightful secrets concerning the Lincoln family history are laid bare, and there is much sorrow, but in the end the young officer and his beautiful wife embark for England, where, both titled and both very wealthy, they live in peace and luxury for the rest of their lives. Major Lincoln never wavers in his allegiance to the crown, yet he comes to have something like respect for the vigor and good faith of aroused colonials. There are times this respect almost troubles him: "for, notwithstanding his attachment to his prince and adopted country, he was keenly sensitive on the subject of the reputation of his real countrymen . . . Even while he regretted the price at which his comrades had been taught to appreciate the characters of those whose long and mild forbearance had been misconstrued into pusillanimity, he rejoiced that the eyes of the more aged would now be opened to the truth, and that the mouths of the young and thoughtless were to be forever closed in shame."[4] It is here that we are reminded of Cooper's divided mind, with its inherent pride in aristocracy, and its reasoned admiration for and belief in the principles of democracy. As one critic writes, he had a conviction that "an aristocracy of worth was not inconsistent with the democratic ideal."[5] Another says that he "had the social habits of a Federalist squire, the love of mankind of a Jeffersonian democrat."[6]

The story is weighed down with the usual Gothic trappings of the eighteenth century novel; there are strangers who utter cryptic truths, a wise fool, a dark mystery of birth, a case of mistaken identity, night meetings and explanations by the light of dim lanterns and fires, insanity, disease, and several spectacular deaths. The characters at times shiver with forebodings and glance around uneasily. In places the writing lumbers along creakingly, full of florid expressions (women are "females," the sun is "the luminary," etc.), and many of the conversations have a melodramatic flourish, as in the tense moment when Cecil shrieks out, " 'Stay that unnatural hand! you raise it on thy father!' "

An Air of Reality

But in the end these things count for nothing when the book is considered as a record of a rather remarkable year in a rather remarkable town. An air of reality lies over each page. Indeed Cooper himself, in an elaborate preface and in an introduction, explains that he has personally visited the scenes he describes, and has studied old records innumerable: "The good people of Boston are aware of the creditable appearance they make in the early annals of the confederation, and they neglect no commendable means to perpetuate the glories of their ancestors. In consequence, the inquiry after historical facts is answered there by an exhibition of local publications, that no other town in the Union can equal."[7] And he solemnly asserts that his story is "true," based on "facts," even though he is not at liberty to show how he obtained these facts — he "shrinks from directly yielding his authorities."

Be all this as it may, it is certain that there is a great solidity about the scenes of *Lionel Lincoln*. It is very evident that the action takes place in a definite spot, and that spot is exactly like an old engraving of the town of Boston. As the young man's ship approaches, "Far in the distance were to be seen the tall spires of the churches, rising out of the deep shadows of the town, with their vanes glittering in the sunbeams, while a few rays of strong light were dancing about the black beacon, which reared itself high above the conical peak . . ." And soon he is in the town itself, walking under the guidance of a strange, bold half-wit rescued from the sporting of half-drunken grenadiers. He is led through the narrow crooked streets, through tiny alleys, past the North Church.[8] And finally he reaches his great-aunt's mansion, a house modelled exactly on the fine home of Sir Charles Henry Frankland, which Cooper had carefully inspected on his visit to Boston. The great drawing room is minutely described, with its elaborate decoration and carving, its "heavy wooden and highly ornamented cornice," its shining floor, "tessellated with small alternate squares of red-cedar and pine," its "buffet groaning with massive plate." King's Chapel, where, months later, Lionel and Cecil are married, is accurately shown, with its "rich scarlet pew coverings," its "labored columns with their slender shafts and fretted capitals." Dock Square, Faneuil Hall, Beacon Hill — again and again they are made to stand vividly before us.

As to the events Major Lincoln witnesses, the important people he converses with — these, too, are graphically presented. Lexington and Concord demonstrate to the young man just what American spirit is; how, unexpectedly, the farmers of the countryside will offer up their lives. At Lexington, "The smoke slowly arose,

4 **Lionel Lincoln,** N Y, (D. Appleton and Co.), 1873, p. 154.

5 **Literary History of the U.S.,** p. 255.

6 Robert Spiller, **op. cit.,** p. 41.

7 It is well known that Cooper did not care for the New England character. This prejudice dated from his boyhood when his tutor had been an Anglican clergyman of pronounced Royalist leanings, one who had scorned both the practice of democracy and the religion of the Puritans.

8 Cooper speaks of this church as a "wooden edifice"; this is a different building from the Georgian brick one today known familiarly as the "Old North Church." The latter originally bore the name of "Christ Church."

like a lifted veil, from the green, and mingling with the fogs of morning drove heavily across the country as if to communicate the fatal intelligence that the final appeal to arms had been made. Every eye was bent inquiringly on the fatal green, and Lionel beheld, with a feeling allied to anguish, a few men at a distance, writhing and struggling in their wounds, while some five or six bodies lay stretched upon the grass in the appalling quiet of death."[9]

This, as he comes to know, is only the beginning. The retreat from Concord is another step in the long journey toward independence. When he comes upon an old man lying dead with his "palsied hand" still grasping his ancient firelock, he exclaims, " 'Where can a contest end which calls such champions to its aid!' "[10] And the reader is back, is there, not only in the surroundings, in the noise and excitement of conflict, but in the feeling of wonder at the spirit of man, facing what people will endure for a principle.

Then there is Bunker Hill. Cooper is noted for an ability to render action scenes in such a manner as to leave a reader breathless, and his account of that famous June 17 is no exception. Nor has he used "poetic license." Everything he mentions can be verified[11].

The night of June 16 Lionel walks, musing, to Copp's Hill burying ground which looks across to Charlestown, and he is lost in thoughts concerning his own life and the situation of the country when Job Pray, the "natural," comes upon him. They talk together, and Lionel says he hears voices nearby. " 'I heard the low hum of a hundred voices, or my ears have played me falsely.' " The idiot lad tries to tell him it is the sound of spirits of the dead talking, and Lionel, uneasy in the darkness, is half-inclined to believe him. He starts to leave the hill: " '. . . There are surely strange and unearthly sounds lingering about this place tonight! By heavens! there is another rush of voices, as if the air above the water were filled with living beings; and then again I think I hear a noise as if heavy weights were falling to the earth.' "[12] This is the sound, of course, of Colonel Prescott's thousand men at work on the entrenchment of Breed's Hill. The dramatic events of the next day lose nothing of their effectiveness in Cooper's telling.

The hot June dawn comes to bring confusion and terror and fear to the town. The results of a night's strenuous work are revealed, and the war becomes a live action: "Cannon were rattling over the rough pavements followed by ammunition wagons, and officers and men of the artillery were seen in swift pursuit of their pieces. Aide-de-camps were riding furiously through the streets, charged with important messages . . ."[13] The council of war in Province House is shown, and the unpretending figure of General Gage. Clinton and Burgoyne accompany Lionel to Copp's Hill, whence they can watch the battle, for none of them is to figure in it. Through their eyes we see it all — masses of faces on Beacon Hill, the absorbed spectators on roofs and church steeples and at every window, all looking across at the little hill where rudely dressed Americans continue to dig and shovel. The hot summer sun beats down on the tense scene, on the moveless watchers, on the scarlet-clad soldiers eating their dinner, on the hungry fatigued workers, on the reinforcements hurrying to the hill, on the royal ships in the harbor that never cease their fire. Each hour is more anxious than the last.

Then we see Charlestown in flames, and the curtain of smoke, and the three gallant assaults of the hill. With young Lincoln we forget everything and plunge into a boat to get to the scene, even though ordered not to engage in this battle. We feel the heat and fury and anguish, and finally the calm that comes after, when the royal troops are exhausted, but in possession of the hill, and when nothing remains "for the achievement of the royal lieutenants but to go and mourn over their victory." It is no wonder that George Bancroft, the historian, says that *Lionel Lincoln* contains the best description of the Battle of Bunker Hill. We can believe it. And after comparing accounts by experts, even by eye witnesses, we can recognize the unfailing truth of it.

Reasonableness and Impartiality

The effective rendering of important events is enough, perhaps, to give a novel the bid for reader interest, but in *Lionel Lincoln* there is more than that. There is a tone of reasonableness, of impartiality, which it is hard to find in any story of a war. As aforesaid, it is just this reasonableness which caused it to be slighted at the time of its publications. Americans generally were not in the mood to be reasonable about England; not only was it but fifty years since the Revolution began, it was only eleven since the close of the War of 1812. Cooper's judicious rendering of the case was too bland for his contemporaries: "That an empire, whose several parts were separated by oceans, and whose interests were so often conflicting should become unwieldy and fall, in time, by its own weight, was an event that all wise men must have expected to arrive . . ." he says, and goes on to explain that at the beginning, "Americans did not contemplate such an action" as separation, as shown by their quiet submission after the Stamp Act was repealed.[14] This mood of submission changed gradually, of course, but it was the importing of the Hessians that, Cooper believed, finally made the British "odious" to the provincials. This was, after all, a civil war, a war of English against

9 P. 132.
10 P. 149.
11 See, for example, **Decisive Battles of America,** ed. by Ripley Hitchcock, (Harpers, 1909), pp. 102-118. This gives an excellent account of the battle.
12 P. 208.
13 P. 217.
14 Pp. 73, 74

English, and the thought that hired troops were to be used against them was, to the colonials, very humiliating. ". . . They reasoned not inaptly, when they asserted that in a contest rendered triumphant by slaves, nothing but abject submission could ensue to the conquered."[15]

In showing people on both sides, Cooper successfully avoids both the triumphant eagle-screaming patriotism of the rebel and the deep bitterness of the Tory.[16] There is a scene in which Mrs. Lechmere and her two young relatives are sitting with Lionel Lincoln as tea is brought in on an elaborate tray. Miss Dynevor permits the "disposition of the tea-table to be made before her passively," but her cousin Agnes throws herself back on one of the settees with a look indicating "cool displeasure." When the gallant young officer tries to give her a cup she refuses, saying that "it is no difficult matter for an American girl to decline the use of a detestable herb, which is one, among many other, of the causes that is (sic) likely to involve her country and kindred in danger and strife.' "[17]

While Agnes Danforth is thus shown to be a forthright young lady, uncompromising, the other girl, Cecil, is just as sincere and just as uncompromising in her loyalty to the king. After her marriage to Major Lincoln, she has occasion to discuss the matter with some American soldiers, when one of them says, " 'Let the Parliament repeal their laws, and the king recall his troops . . . and there will be an end of the struggle at once. We don't fight because we love to shed blood.' " To which she replies, " 'He would do both, friend, if the counsel of one so insignificant as I could find weight in his royal mind.' " At this another soldier opines that the devil has possession of the king's mind, bringing a "cold" response: " 'Whatever I may think of the conduct of his ministers . . . 'tis unpleasant to me to discuss the personal qualities of my sovereign.' "[18]

Cecil is bound by tradition — an almost unthinking tradition[19] — and she is represented as lovely and desirable. Agnes is fired with the revolutionary cause, and she is attractive too — so attractive that she wins the attention of the comical and good-hearted British Captain Polwarth. Lionel is loyal, but is able to see good in the colonists, and Job Pray, poor idiot boy, is wholly patriotic. All shades of feeling are thus represented here, and the effect is one of reality. Absurd as some of the conversations are, heavy as some of the style, and melodramatic as the main plot, the atmosphere is one of immediacy. Cooper makes us believe it is all true, that it could all happen, and that it is all stirring. We ask very little else of a story-teller, after all.

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15 P. 257.

16 Contrast, for example, the tone of **Oliver Wiswell** (Doubleday, Doran), a novel far surpassing Cooper's in depth and breadth, but written absolutely from the Tory point of view. For example, Oliver writes: "I found it impossible to think of the King's troops in Boston as Sons of Tyranny; and I knew beyond all question that my father and the other thousands who had been driven into the city by mobs were certainly not villains, scoundrels, or monsters. They were the most peaceful of men, and they wanted exactly what many of the rebels claimed they wanted — a friendly adjustment of America's difficulties with England." (p. 102) Further on the "rebel army" is described as "a convention of dirty old grandfathers." (p. 107) Contrast with this Lincoln's musing over the elderly man lying dead after the battle of Lexington and Concord.

17 P. 50.

18 P. 395.

19 She is definitely the heroine and definitely conventional: she had "been educated in the bosom of the English Church, and she clung to its forms and ceremonies . . ." Therefore, no matter how inconvenient for everyone at the time of her hasty night-time marriage, she "expressed her desire to pronounce her vows at that altar where she had so long been used to worship." p. 287.

— robert charles brown

The Theatre

The Triumph of Triviality

By Walter Sorell
Drama Editor

WITHOUT ENLISTING the help of a statistician I dare say that, this season, more plays failed than succeeded. If you measure success with a modest tape of artistic integrity, then quite a few shows that should have failed succeeded.

Jean Kerr's "Mary, Mary" is a pandora box of funny lines – if this is what you want from your theatre. A divorced book publisher, planning but hesitating to remarry because he is afraid he cannot afford the luxury of paying alimony to one wife and supporting another, falls in love with his former wife again. She, meanwhile, is being courted by a handsome movie actor who arouses the publisher's jealousy. In case your psychology supports the idea that you can only be jealous when you are still in love, you have some motivation for a tiny and frothy plot. But the plot is incidental, as is the humor. Every reaction, every situation is keyed to a funny line. And Miss Kerr knows how to write them. She also knows that most audiences will do anything for a laugh, even buy a ticket for a comedy of no consequence.

Is it a sign of our time, or of Broadway in particular, that our theatre thrives (had we not better say: starves) on the minor issues and meagre dilemmas of life? Are the big issues too big to be tackled? Is the tragedy of our time so tremendous in all its horrifying aspects that neither pathos nor satire can any longer handle it on stage? Is this the reason why we escape into trivialities seasoned with sex, perversion, and spiritual prostitution?

In Hugh Wheeler's play, "Big Fish, Little Fish," an editor with a dubious career but a bunch of friends who have made a career of being failures gets a chance to work on an exciting and lucrative editing project. However, he would have to leave his friends, who have come to depend on him. Finally, the deal falls through. The only interest in such an idea lies in character delineation, as the idea itself has no depth, nor any propelling power. If the writing were less ordinary, it might help to see the leading character in sharper focus. This big fish living on the little fish around him, which need him as much as he needs them, could, of course, become a fascinating character in the hands of a great writer.

But our stage, while crying out for dramatists of stature, abounds in wonderful acting. Both aforementioned shows live on the grace of people who have the magic of make-believe in their blood. Jason Robards, Jr., Martin Gable, Hume Cronyn create characters beyond the playwright's conception. And Barbara Bel Geddes has not only a way of delivering lines which is inescapable; she also brings a strangely quizzical quality to her Mary which makes this figure somehow alive for us.

The much heralded play, "Roots," by Arnold Wesker, one of the angrier young men of England, is also a drama of the inconsequential. But here the author sets out to show the spiritual and intellectual barrenness of his characters. They are a handful of farm people who have lost touch with the soil and live on the crumbs of a doubtful civilization as voiced by radio, jukebox, and television. Their jokes are primitive and stale and a poor crutch for their inability to express themselves. Do they have any thoughts? Hardly. But they have feelings which they are unable to communicate.

One of the local girls returns from London for a two-week holiday with a thin veneer of "culture." She feels uprooted at home without having yet found real roots anywhere else. She harangues her people with slogans and quotes, tries to stir and steer them into a living of greater awareness. But she herself still fights the vagueness and commonplace attitudes of her former environment. She is a touching figure, suspended between what she rejects and what she has not yet reached. The others are simply pathetic in their apathy and the littleness of their vegetating existence.

For two acts Mr. Wesker paints a picture of the most primitive and pitiable ordinariness in a most painstaking manner. The third act which, dramaturgically, lives in another atmosphere is a wonderfully spoken editorial containing the message of the play. No doubt, the play has some quality. But it is the most difficult thing to create boring characters without boring the audience with them. Arnold Wesker is not quite free of such theatrical misdemeanor.

Ascension Perspective*

By the Rev. John Warwick Montgomery
Chairman of the Department of History
Waterloo Lutheran University

MY REMARKS this morning – shortly before Christendom again celebrates the Festival of the Ascension – will attempt to contrast what may be termed an "Ascension perspective" with a perspective of a far different, but more familiar, kind. As a firm reference point for our meditation, I shall reread Psalm 121, which has served as our Old Testament lesson for the day:

> I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth. He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: he that keepeth thee will not slumber. Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep. The Lord is thy keeper: the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand. The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night. The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: he shall preserve thy soul. The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore.

Currently a number of good and not-so-good psychiatric jokes and cartoons have been making the rounds. Among those which I can tell here in the Chapel without fear of looking for a new position next year is the short story of the two psychiatrists passing on the street. Psychiatrist A: "Good morning, doctor." Psychiatrist B (mumbling to himself after psychiatrist A has gone by): "I wonder what he meant by that." Also we have the *New Yorker* cartoon of the busy psychoanalyst with a double-decker couch. Now the former editor of the British humor magazine *Punch* wrote in (if you will forgive me) *Esquire* recently – April, 1958, p. 59 –

> Humor, I have come to feel, is an expression in terms of the grotesque of the enormous disparity between human aspiration and human performance. Thus, for instance, sex is funny because the impulses associated with it demonstrate dramatically and unmistakably how ludicrously what men do mocks what they hope or try to do. In the same way, death is funny. Any comedian knows that he has only to mention a hearse or a corpse to bring down the house. Why? Because the fact that men die translates into farce all the pretensions and vain glory whereby, while they are alive, they seek to magnify and glorify themselves. In the same way, self-importance is funny because everyone really knows in his heart that, whatever else is conceivable, it is quite outside the bounds of possibility that one mortal man should be inherently more important than another.

Following this line of approach, we might well say that psychiatric humor strikes us as particularly funny today because we sense the disparity between what psychoanalytic psychiatry has claimed to be able to do, and what it actually has done. Not too many years ago, depth analysis was declared by many – analyst and layman alike – to be the only sufficiently penetrating way to fulfill the Greek injunction *gnothe seauton* – "know thyself." The frustrating experiences of such distinguished men as Harvard psychology professor Edwin Boring, who underwent analysis; plus the cost and length of analytic sessions; plus the not-too-rare suicide of a prominent psychoanalyist (one occurred at the University of California while I was a graduate student there) – all these and many other facts have tended to make the public question the panacea for human ills here offered. Psychoanalytic performance has not reached the level of psychoanalytic aspiration.

However, the psychological perspective is much with us. My wife and friends tell me that I suffer from frequent attacks of Dibdin's disease, more commonly known as "bibliomania," and this is certainly true – but it has its advantages. While puttering about in bookstores, I recently encountered the paperback history of philosophy series published by the New American Library. The 18th-century volume is of course entitled "The Age of Enlightenment"; the 19th-century is "The Age of Ideology"; and the 20th-century – our time – is significantly represented as "The Age of Analysis." I believe that I am safe in saying that the perspective of our era is in many respects a *subjective* one – involving inner probing of our thoughts, motives, experiences. In discussing the current marriage problem from the standpoint of Christian ethics, Emil Brunner writes in his *Divine Imperative* – pp. 343, 345 – "Two theories are at our disposal, one is objective . . . in tendency, and the other individualistic and subjective; they represent the ancient and modern points of view respectively . . .

* Unlike other sermons in this series, which were preached in the Chapel of Valparaiso University, Professor Montgomery's sermon was preached in the Joseph Bond Chapel of the University of Chicago.

It is . . . subjective individualism, more than anything else, which has caused the present crisis in marriage." Let us take a rapid look at the subjective perspective of our time — with special reference to life on a university campus — and then see if the Christian message offers a more satisfactory life-viewpoint.

First (because of its inherent interest for most of us), I mention the area of personal (especially marital) relationships. Brunner claims, as we have just seen, that subjectivism is the basic problem in marriage today. He asserts that most modern marriages are built on the sand of emotional attachment. The Greeks had a word for this — *eros*. Love someone to satisfy your own emotional needs — and if the person no longer accomplishes this purpose, find a new partner who will. This hyper-emotional stress is a disease today. Women are treated in advertising as if they were commodities; soupy popular music has not ceased to declare that "we kiss and the angels sing." Of course, this creates a real problem when the girl (or boy) of your choice begins to wear a bit from the effects of time, as even a few movie stars are prone to do. Hair pieces and superstructure of one sort and another represent the pitiful attempts of many to remain in the emotional rat-race.

Secondly, consider the area of education and career. Few would deny that in the last several decades American education has in many quarters undergone a shift from objective, propositional learning to subjective adjustment. Instead of stressing "dry, academic" disciplines such as history, languages, and the sciences, educators of the progressive stamp have concerned themselves with courses in everything from beauty care to flycasting — all in the interests of personal adjustment. The result has been, as one of *Life's* editorials soundly (but ungrammatically) put it, "U.S. high school students are plain ignorant of things grammar school students would have known a generation ago." And one of the tragic results is that many students arrive at college (can we include even the University of Chicago?) with no real understanding of what academic *work* involves — and make every effort while they are in the institution not to find out. Vocationally, the person educated in the current subjectivistic, individualistic system seldom views the choice of career from any other standpoint than personal satisfaction — which is generally identified with salary. Why be a scientist, for example, when with far less work you can become a business executive who hires and fires scientists and makes double or triple what they do?

Finally, let us look at the religious sphere. Here subjectivism has really reigned in the 20th century. The liberal theologies which have stemmed from the scholarly Ritschl and the popular Fosdick are firmly rooted in a subjective perspective. What is true in religion? Why, obviously, that which satisfies the religious needs of people. Let's not be dogmatic; if Roscrucianism makes a man happy and adjusted, fine. Wasn't Jesus primarily interested in creating integrated personalities? The neo-orthodox movement which appeared in reaction to religious modernism has unfortunately not escaped the latter's subjectivity. The Bible is still viewed chiefly as a product of human religiosity — not primarily as the work of men objectively inspired by God's Holy Spirit. The Bible merely interprets events from a religious viewpoint — and is therefore hardly the objective norm of faith and practice. A "living Christ" has been set over against the Christ of Scripture — and "living Christ" is frequently created in the image of the theologian who describes him — or at a minimum reflects the latter's religious presuppositions. The general result of all this religious subjectivity has been a Christianity of adjustment rather than of saving, transforming power. And if all else fails, we are told, one can buoy up his spirits with Christianized positive thinking.

What has the Biblical revelation to say to all of this? Scripture would have us change our perspective radically. It would have us stop looking within ourselves — like Buddha staring at his navel, or Aristotle's prime mover contemplating himself because there is nothing greater to think about — and "lift up our eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh our help," for "our help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth." With Luther, we are to shift our perspective from subjective wallowing in our sins and our psyche to an objective concentration on the Lord who saves by grace through faith — on His glory and the world which He has made and the other people whom He has placed upon it. We are to deal with other persons as objects of our love — not as means of our own satisfaction. We are to learn as much as we can of God's world, and seek to serve our fellow men and God Himself with the knowledge we have attained — not waste in self-indulgence the precious time He has given us.

And, most important of all, we are to come to terms with the Lord Himself — the God of the Scriptures — who is, in the last analysis, wholly other than ourselves (as the author of *The Humanity of God* would be the first to admit!). God tells us that we (all of us) have sinned and come short of His glory, and therefore that we cannot have communion with Him on the basis of our human attainments. He tells us, moreover, that He came to earth in the historical person of Jesus Christ to die for us — to cancel out our sins on the Cross. Objectively and finally, Christ dealt with our sin and our *Angst* as His life's blood was poured out. But this fact, true as it is, will do us no good if we insist upon preferring our own problems to the acceptance of His great solution for them.

This Biblical approach I call the "Ascension perspective" — for if the Ascension says anything to us, it says that when God became man and worked out our salvation in our midst, this was a unique event, a *kairos-*

time, and we make a great mistake if we attempt to find Him by delving into human consciouness in general or into the depths of our own souls in particular. In our time especially – a period strangely like the subjectivistic, emotionalistic era which Huizinga describes in *The Waning of the Middle Ages* – we must see the absolute necessity of looking away from ourselves to the One who said, "If I be lifted up, I will draw all men unto Me." Only then will we understand the full impact of Wesley's joy when he sings:

The Saviour, Jesus, reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When He had purged our stains,
He took His seat above:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice. AMEN.

PREMISE

The shining day comes out of blackest night.
Out of the grey of tempests comes the blue.
Out of Spring's prism follows every hue
Of seven colors hid in Winter's white.
And plants come out of dark earth into light,
And always from the old appears the new,
The new that is yet old. And so do you.
And carbon goes to wood to anthracite.

Since matter is immortal, though it change,
And nothing can be lost once it begins,
Our personalities may rearrange,
But they won't dissolute. Nor will our sins.
And we can guess that there will be a strange
Reunion of those spirits, organs, skins.

— Samuel Sargent

WIND OF MEMORY

Fingers of rain make music on skeleton grasses,
Mournful as cattle bawl from beyond the hill.
The wind of memory brushes her heart and passes.
Statue-like she sits by her window-sill,
Looking not outward at the gray rain falling
But inward at sorrows that have bruised her years.
Does she not know that tomorrow is always calling
And life sweeps on to ever new frontiers?

— Lucia Trent

Letter from Xanadu, Nebr.

By G. G.

Dear Editor:

Well, I see that Valpo is going to put the bite on us for half a million bucks for a new law school building and I might as well tell you straight out that you are not going to get a dime from me. And I'll tell you why you are not going to get a dime from me.

We had a senator from this state several years ago, a man by the name George W. Norris, and he was a radical. He used to get elected on the Republican ticket and then go and vote with the Democrats on everything that came up in Congress. One of the worst things he ever did was get the TVA law through Congress. And this man was a graduate of your law school. In fact, I see that you brag about it in your literature, which is a slap in the face to a lot of us out here who spent a great deal of time and money getting that man licked the last time he ran.

I personally think it is a dangerous thing to train lawyers on the campus of a church college because there is too much of a chance that an impressionable young guy might get his law and his religion all mixed up and end up as one of those do-gooders that are always trying to change things, like Norris did. When I go to a lawyer, it's because I am in trouble and want him to get me out of it, and I sure don't want to have to deal with some lay-preacher who is going to give me the morality business. Like the man said, there is a little larceny in all of us, and if I want somebody to condemn it I will go to my preacher. I go to a lawyer when I want somebody who can keep me out of jail. (Actually, of course, I am not talking about myself because I've never had any trouble with the law, but lots of people have, and I know the kind of lawyers they go to to get them out of it.)

I can see how a Christian might be a corporation lawyer or a tax lawyer or something like that, but I can't imagine a real Christian being any good at criminal law or handling divorces or any of that kind of business. And when you think of the number of lawyers that go into politics, I really wonder whether we should encourage Christian young people to take law? I think we owe a duty to our young folks to steer them away from certain kinds of work where they might lose their faith, like science and politics and law, and try to steer them into good, wholesome, constructive work like the ministry or farming or business where honesty actually is the best policy and a man is not always being tempted to sin.

Regards, G.G.

Past Glory, Present Art

By ADALBERT RAPHAEL KRETZMANN

AMONG ALL THE great churches of Christendom, there is scarcely any more famous or widely known than the Cathedral of Cologne. It has, for centuries, dominated the west bank of the Rhine. During the war it became an object of heated dispute because allied bombers, in trying to save this great architectural monument, sacrificed countless additional lives. Over and over again, people questioned whether any building, however glorious and beautiful, was worth the sacrifice of any man, however, humble, and of whatever nation. Sometime someone will have to answer that question with a brutal honesty.

The propaganda artists on both sides of every war have always made great capital of what seemed to them to be wanton destruction on the part of the enemy — deliberate disregard for the culture of the ages. This strange philosophy has made Jerusalem an open city and preserved Rome and Athens during the late war. But what about countless other places that should have had the same consideration and could have been treated with the same love and respect? Every place where man has found his God should have the protection of all men at all times. But, so long as war is war and remains the corporate insanity of whole nations, we shall have the wholesale destruction of the shrines of faith and the glories of culture. There is no need to try to make insanity sane, or uncleanness clean, or inhumanity humane. Once we are committed to settling our differences with the brute force of beasts, then all our culture must suffer bestial destruction.

In spite of all the care which was lavished on the great cathedrals of Florence and the Rhineland, almost all these great churches suffered more or less damage from the earth-shaking tremors of the bombs which fell near them, if not exactly on them. Some of the work will never be restored or repaired because it is completely beyond the craftsmanship of our time to perform such timeless miracles again. In the city of Cologne, however, a sincere attempt has been made and the work has been going forward quietly for almost fifteen years.

The world-famous architect, Professor Willi Weyres, has taken over the direction of the work. He has not attempted any kind of blind imitation, or restoration, but has carefully studied the possibilities of adding something which would be distinctively an asset to the old Cathedral. A bomb blast almost four blocks away shattered the finials over the west portal of the Cathedral. After careful study, the sculptor, Erlefried Hoppe, was engaged to make three figures, angels bearing the symbols of the Passion of our Lord, the Cross, the spear and the sponge — and put them in place of the three destroyed spires that had been there. The commentary of the architect, Emil Steffan, is worth noting, "The possibilities of new forms, within the framework of a tradition which is centuries old, are certainly limited. They are confined to the very slow growth of the idea which was the basis of the tradition. Artistic self-expression, therefore, finds very little to nourish it unless it is prepared by careful study to bring out the possibilities which are latent in the idea itself."

The figures shown here are the angels of judgment as they appear on two capitals of the triforium gallery of the great west window of the Cathedral. They too, like the figures over the west portal, are cut from basalt lava. This is a reasonably easy stone to work and carries in it a texture similar to travertine. Dr. Weyres himself directed the sculptor, Eduard Bell, in this striking conception.

Here again we find the profound respect for the idea of the ancient Cathedral which made the west end, as you faced it leaving the church, a full scale reminder of our duties in this life and of the promises of eternal life through Christ our Lord. Its most direct symbol was always the rose window as a sign of the eternity awaiting us. Into this circular form were poured the greatest beauties of glass and color in order to foreshadow the beauties of heaven. The rigid stone figures surrounding this glory in glass were usually reminders of the sternness of the Last Judgment and our answerability to Christ, our Saviour and Judge.

All the lessons of the Resurrection and the Ascension and the closing wonder of the Second Article, "Sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty, from thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead," are held fast in these ancient ideas of the Cathedral. A Christian moves along the way of life in peace as he remembers what glories God has put upon us.

Sir Thomas Beecham

By WALTER A. HANSEN

I APPROACHED THE greenroom with fear and trembling. My heart fell all the way down into my boots when I rapped at the door; for I had heard and read much about the late Sir Thomas Beecham, Bart., and his caustic tongue. Would the great man be kind enough to give me a few moments of his time? I wondered. And the more I wondered, the more nervous I became.

But a friendly voice called "Come in!" I went in. Sir Thomas, gout and all, was ensconced in a comfortable chair. He was smoking what smelled like an expensive cigar. The then Lady Beecham was sitting near him.

The famous musician greeted me cordially. I shook hands with him and his wife. By this time my trepidation had disappeared. I sensed at once that Sir Thomas would not horsewhip me with any of the stinging remarks for which he was noted, and I automatically stopped sharpening my own tongue.

I had just heard Sir Thomas conduct a symphony from the pen of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart. The reading had been exemplary. Long before I ever had an opportunity to meet this famous man face to face, I had realized that he had become one of the world's ablest exponents of Mozart's music.

Once upon a time I had ventured to tell another conductor that in my opinion the compositions of Mozart teem with formidable difficulties. I had been laughed to scorn. "Mozart's music is easy to play," said the faker to whom I had expressed my conviction. I held my tongue. There was no sense whatever in continuing such a discussion. But I had plenty to say whenever I reviewed that man's presentations of compositions by Mozart.

I knew that Sir Thomas always approached Mozart with awe and reverence. His readings were crystal-clear in every detail. They were ideal.

Although my conversation with Sir Thomas and his gracious wife did not last long, we did say a few words about the music of the late Frederick Delius, for whom Sir Thomas had a high regard. In fact, he had become the world's foremost champion of what Delius had written. I myself had long since come to look upon Delius as a dispensable composer. But when Sir Thomas told me in no uncertain terms that he would continue to espouse the works of this man, I decided to re-examine my own conviction. The fact that I have not changed my mind is altogether unimportant. If the music of Delius has anything significant to say, it will do so in spite of what you or I may think of it.

Sir Thomas did not cudgel me with any of the *bon mots* that could roll so readily and so unabashedly from his tongue. No, he was a gentleman through and through. He heightened the veneration in which I have always held Mozart, and he induced me to submit my conviction as to the stature of Delius to a scrupulous re-examination.

I have always abhorred liver pills. But I could not avoid thinking of these pesky little medicinal products before I entered the greenroom to interview Sir Thomas. Why? Because Beecham's Pills, a laxative invented by Sir Thomas' grandfather, had made it possible for Britain and the whole world to learn from the man who became a great conductor. It is altogether safe to say that Sir Thomas would not have developed into the Sir Thomas he became had he not had the assistance of some of the money that poured into the Beecham coffers as a result of the marketing of these widely known pellets. Years ago Beecham's Pills inspired the following ditty:

> Hark, the herald angels sing,
> Beecham's Pills are just the thing!
> Peace on earth and mercy mild,
> Two for man and one for child.

I have never felt the beneficence of Beecham's Pills as a medicine. But I am keenly aware of what they did for Sir Thomas and for music. I take off my hat to them.

I have often tried to write a satisfactory definition of good music. I gave up when I read that Sir Thomas defined good music as "that which penetrates the ear with facility and quits the memory with difficulty . . . You must be able to remember music. Otherwise it does not mean anything." I wish I could have given such an ideal definition.

Sir Thomas is gone. But the great work that he did lives after him. His widespread influence has not been interred with his bones. Perhaps he went too far when he condemned most modern music as worthless. Perhaps his evaluation of the works of Delius was completely lopsided. But he did cause us to scratch our heads and think. I know that he has put many treasures into my memory — his lucid readings of music by Mozart, Joseph Haydn, George Frideric Handel, and Ludwig van Beethoven.

I shall always have a warm spot in my heart for Sir Thomas, a musician endowed with courage, vision, and forthrightness.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH

GENERAL

VISION AND RHETORIC

By G. S. Fraser (Barnes & Noble, $5.00)

More difficult perhaps than criticizing others' literary theories is interpreting those theories with interest and understanding. G. S. Fraser presents no new or startling theories of his own in this collection of essays, but he is a capable interpreter of the poetry scene as it has developed over the last half century. While he leaves little doubt as to where he stands ("on the side of romantic tradition"), he is on the whole sympathetic towards many different poets and trends in modern poetry.

Of the 17 essays in this book, there are three on W. H. Auden, two on W. B. Yeats and two on T. S. Eliot. Others deal with such poets as William Empson, Robert Graves, Dylan Thomas, Ezra Pound and Stephen Spender. Nearly all of Mr. Fraser's subjects are elder or deceased poets and have acquired a kind of respectability. Much of the controversy over, say, Pound, Eliot and Thomas has been minced out; their work is already the scholars' province. It is hard to deny that "Yeats had been universally recognized . . . as the greatest poet, writing in the English language, of this century," or that Auden is "the most considerable Anglo-American poet of his generation."

Mr. Fraser sees Pound (whom even most Americans do not understand) as "typically and broadly human." To Mr. Fraser, Americans' view of culture is "anything that is not obviously practicable or pleasurable," and Pound's sense of culture, while it does not fall in this category, has something in common with that of Irving Babbitt and Paul Elmer More. He finds Pound's *Cantos* a personal vision of the poet; it is Pound the man at the center of this "longest readable poem of our time" who prevents the work from falling into chaotic fragments.

The essays on Yeats are among the most interesting, since they point out in a few pages the vast differences of English and American readings of that poet — differences which most authors of full-length studies of Yeats have overlooked or bypassed. Specifically, errors in Delmore Schwartz' *The Permanence of Yeats* are revealed; yet these errors, which any American scholar might have made, do not detract from Mr. Schwartz' own poetry. If there is any lesson to be learned from the New Critics' approach to Yeats, it is that the New Criticism needs refinement; it has been too mechanical and has betrayed the critics' lack of self-reliance.

Indeed, reading all of Mr. Fraser's essays on the English poets — Graves, Spender, Auden, Louis MacNeice and Dylan Thomas — one is impressed by the close understanding the English have of their own poets. Conversely (except in the case of Pound, whose culture is more cosmopolitan), the English critic does not understand American poets as Americans do. Mr. Fraser devotes only a single ten-page essay to E. E. Cummings and Wallace Stevens together, reviewing the collected works of both poets. It is enough to say that the English critic finds Cummings refreshing but does not appreciate all the subtelties of his poetry. As for Stevens, there is a note of respect but not of understanding in Fraser's review. Fraser does not place Stevens in the category of "great" poets, with Yeats and Eliot, yet he makes no reference to the finest (perhaps "great") poems of Stevens: "Notes Toward a Supreme Fiction," for instance.

Altogether, however, Mr. Fraser (who has written some excellent poetry himself) heightens our interest in modern poetry and gives us new insights into the verse of his compatriots. American critics (particularly those working on doctoral theses) would do well to emulate Fraser's sensible approach to modern poetry. Poetry stands alone, he believes, in our age of mechanization and technology; as long as men have different sensibilities, which cannot be mechanically interpreted, poetry cannot be explained mechanically but must be felt and appreciated.

CHARLES GUENTHER

A DYNASTY OF WESTERN OUTLAWS

By Paul I. Wellman (Doubleday, $4.95)

This book, planned and composed over a period of twenty years by its author, one of the country's best Western historian-novelists, is obviously a labor of love. Wellman, who was born in Oklahoma in the heart of the desperado territory, has spent much of his adult life in journalism in Kansas and Missouri. He visited nearly all the famous sites of Midwest crime, and interviewed personally many of the last surviving outlaws.

The result is a well-constructed account of violence that stretches from the Quantrill raiders of the 1860's to the gruesome ravages of Pretty Boy Floyd and his gang in the 1930's. The tales themselves are rather routine TV fare. In fact, it is frightening to contemplate the extent of butchery, sadism, and perversion that reaches the American family nightly, with the result that careers of real-life men like Jesse James, James Younger, the Dalton boys, Henry Starr, and Frank Nash appear pallid by contrast.

Wellman does have some pertinent comments to make, nonetheless, in the telling of his repulsive story. He shows how the Civil War bred crime waves whose impact reached from one generation to the next through bands of outlaws who were directly interconnected by personal ties, prison tutelage, or mere geographical proximity. Missouri was particularly susceptible to the blood feuds and bitter resentments of men deadly with guns and knives and indifferent to death, restless for excitement and unwilling to settle down. These outlaws were not foreign newcomers, but men of old American stock; they weren't products of congested urban slums, but the children of farm and range country on our nation's vaunted frontier.

Although Wellman does not unduly romanticize these men — or their womenfolk, who in many cases were more vicious than they were — he probably cannot resist a bit of comparison with today's hoods, gamblers, and dope peddlers who make crime a multi-million dollar business. In the "good old days," Wellman maintains, the outlaw still had an honor code of sorts, "he at least took his risks, and he did not prey on children and the helpless." This is difficult to accept from the descriptions of countless bystanders shot down in cold blood in every chapter. Perhaps he is himself ironically pointing up the American tendency, conscious or otherwise, to glorify criminals, to describe Quantrill as "a blond Apollo born of a fearless race," and to mourn the passing of Jesses James with a ballad about

> The dirty little coward,
> Who shot Mr. Howard,
> Who laid poor Jesse in his grave.

WILLIS BOYD

FOOLS' GOLD

By Jed Jordan as told to M. M. Marberry (John Day, $3.95)

This "unrefined account of Alaska in 1899" includes the social problems, the physical hardships, loyalties, treacheries, horseplay, economics, and even what little existed of the spiritual.

When our narrator landed in Nome in 1899 it was minus streets, roads, or anything that could pass for a building. There were four hundred inhabitants. By fall the population had jumped to three thousand and eventually to 25,000. Immediately upon landing, Jed Jordan opened a bar. Whiskey was in great demand but in short supply. He recalls, "We used only the finest water available for cutting the whiskey. The brew was seasoned with tobacco juice and tobasco sauce. Sometimes, when I felt creative, I would add some boiled

brown sugar or coffee to give it a little color, or red pepper to improve the body." Sourdoughs seldom complained about the quality, only the quantity, of a drink.

Since the saloon or gambling hall were about the only places to spend money, it was easier and more lucrative to own a saloon than to prospect. If the prospector made fifty dollars a day, he usually spent fifty of it — with only the grocery and hardware store bidding for a small proportion of the take. But the saloon keeper had problems, too. He was out of luck if his bar tender was a cheat. Jud tells that Skid, his bartender, was "an honest man . . . (he) swiped exactly $10 from the till every day. He never took $9.90 and he never took $10.25; it was always an even $10. And he never once took $10 on his day off."

The moral code in Alaska at the turn of the century had its own peculiar standards. (1) There was the U.S. Commissioner who "had the reputation of never accepting a bribe — in the presence of anyone. A bribe left in an old shoe on his front porch, that was a different matter." (2) It was the custom among the Eskimoes "to kill old people who became too feeble to hunt or make fur clothing . . . This was usually done at the request and consent of the oldsters." (3) A christening feast for a baby boy three days old was described as follows: "The parents painted a black cross on the baby's face and carried him down to the ocean . . . laid (him) on the sand just above the surf line. Hours later, to the joy of the mother, the baby was found alive. The devil had not taken him, nor had the waves washed him away, and he had not died from exposure. That meant he was devil-proof and had the makings of a good sailor or hunter."

LOIS SIMON

LADIES, GENTLEMEN, & EDITORS

By Walter Davenport and James Derieux (Doubleday, $4.95)

Magazine editing was not always the status-rich occupation that it is today. The early editors were a hairy-chested crew, some of them little more than unusually fluent rascals.

The magazines which they edited have, for the most part, passed from the scene. Some, however, still live on. Among the defunct journals are some which we are probably the worse for losing: *Leslie's, Colliers,* and *McClure's,* to name only three. Some of the others, notably Garrison's *Liberator,* were so much a response to a particular situation that they could not have survived in anything more than name.

Davenport and Derieux must have had a great deal of fun assembling the material for this book. Magazine editing, until perhaps the time of the First World War, was a highly personal thing and magazines were, in most cases, the elongated shadows of their editors. This was before the day when mass circulation became a *sine qua non* for the volume of advertising which the modern commercial magazine needs to keep going. And so the profession was a magnet for some of the most rugged individualists in our national history: William Lloyd Garrison, who would be heard; Victoria C. Woodhull, whose life story would require some editing before any modern magazine would risk sending it through the mails; S. S. McClure, the muckraker; Cyrus Herman Kotzschmar Curtis and George Horace Lorimer, who created the *Saturday Evening Post* and made it retroactive to B. Franklin; and Richard Kyle Fox, whose *Police Gazette* has remained more faithful than perhaps any other long-lived magazine to the purposes and style of its founder.

Years ago, Bob Casey said that he had known a great many interesting people in his life — all of them journalists. Casey would have enjoyed this book.

FICTION

A BURNT-OUT CASE

By Graham Greene (Viking, $3.95)

Like the pursued man in Thompson's poem, *The Hound of Heaven,* the hero of this splendid novel is fleeing God. He, too, could say, "I fled Him, down the labyrinthine ways of my own mind . . . across the margent of the world I fled . . ." Query, an architect in his fifties, in his flight from God and the world, landed at a leproserie in a remote section of the Congo. This was not his destination, for he had none, but it served his purpose, since both the road and the river ended there.

Proclaimed by the world as an architectural genius, Query considered himself a fraud. He had lost interest in everything and no longer believed in anything. It was this that prompted him to take the first plane at the airport regardless of where it was going and thus to abandon family, friends, and profession.

The leproserie is run by priests and nuns and medical care is administered by Dr. Colin, a sympathetic man who is as lacking in faith as Query. All of them respect Query's desire for solitude and none of them knows his true identity. But a man so famous cannot long go unrecognized. A frustrated factory manager, Rycker, recognizes Query and reports his location to a free lance journalist who publishes a series of articles depicting him as a saint because of an incident with Query's servant, a cured leper named Deo Gratias.

The first crack in Query's armor of indifference is made when he agrees to build a small hospital at Dr. Colin's urgent request. Slowly and reluctantly he begins to take an interest in the world around him. Before Rycker and his unhappy wife, Marie, precipitate the calamity which brings the novel to an end, Query is less the "burnt-out" man, and, it is apparent, though he is reluctant still to admit it, he has returned to a faith in God, which indeed he had never lost.

Greene has no real heroes or villains in the usual sense. Query at his worst is still humane; the pompous journalist, the unlovable Rycker, the over-zealous Father Thomas, the inane Marie, despite their unfortunate personalities or actions, are still treated with compassion. With a minimum of words, Greene can create a sharp and complete characterization, and he has developed a number of different and unforgettable characters in this story. Essentially a novel of faith, this one poses a number of questions, not all of which are answered. It is a haunting and human novel and certainly a significant one.

INCIDENT OVER THE PACIFIC

By James MacGregor (Doubleday, $3.95)

The idea which serves as a basis for the plot of this novel is an important one: the questionable morality involved in the continuance of nuclear test explosions.

An airline owner persuades a flying crew to help him in a demonstration against the tests by flying over the target at the time set for an explosion. The ten passengers, selected especially for their diverse newsworthiness, believe the flight to be routine. As they near the restricted area, they are told they have been kidnapped, and for what purpose.

If the author's writing technique were commensurate with his plot, this might be an excellent novel. However, skillfully sustained suspense and an airing of various arguments possible to the situation cannot compensate for the use of stereotyped characters. To this negative fault he adds a positive one. The luscious young women aboard suffer recurrent disarrayals of clothing, which they repair belatedly and inadequately, while the author, and perforce the reader, join several male passengers in their routine leering and drooling. All of this is ludicrously inappropriate to the circumstances.

It is impossible to retain a good opinion of any novelist who eagerly sacrifices the credibility of his story in order to satisfy that portion of the public which demands to be titillated while reading. The obvious question is: Why doesn't one of the disheveled beauties appear on the cover? Then everybody would know what to expect.

The Hoodlum Priest

By ANNE HANSEN

WHAT HAPPENS to a man after he has completed a term of imprisonment in a penal institution? Ostensibly, he has paid his debt to society. Ostensibly, he is a free man and, as such, is at liberty to take his place in the community. I say *ostensibly* because, unfortunately, this is not a realistic picture of the fate of the ex-convict. Ideally, imprisonment of a convicted criminal has two purposes: (1) to punish him for his crime and (2) to afford him the opportunity for rehabilitation. Although some progress has been made in the rehabilitation program, much remains to be done.

More than twenty-five years ago Father Charles William Clark, S.J., of St. Louis, Missouri, became interested in the men who are behind bars. He not only began an intensive investigation into the state's penal system but, with the consent of his superiors in the Society of Jesus, also undertook a program of rehabilitation for parolees and ex-convicts. Father Dismas, as he is popularly known, is in no sense of the word a misguided "do-gooder" or a mere visionary. His approach to the problem of the ex-convict is completely realistic; it stems from a deep and sympathetic understanding of the human needs of his "boys." First of all, these men need what Father Dismas has called "a half-way house" — a nonsectarian residence or shelter where they may live while they make the difficult transition from prison life to a free society. Next they need gainful employment, which will give them the chance to build a new life.

Father Dismas has been remarkably successful in achieving both objectives. In November 1959 Dismas House — dedicated to the penitent thief who hung on a cross on Golgatha at the side of the Savior — opened its doors to the unfortunates who need a temporary home. A special employment agency, operated exclusively for ex-convicts, has successfully placed thousands of applicants. The dynamic and dedicated Jesuit priest has had setbacks and disappointments, it is true, and he knows only too well that he, too, has had backsliders who have reverted to lives of crime. On the whole, however, the record has been impressive and rewarding. Father Dismas' work has won nationwide recognition from penologists and lawmakers.

A portion of the story of Father Clark's life work is told in *The Hoodlum Priest* (Murray-Wood, United Artists, Irving Kershner), a powerful and deeply moving film in which Don Murray plays the title role with fine success. Keir Dullea, a talented young newcomer, makes an auspicious screen debut as the frightened and pathetic youth whose life comes to an abrupt and terrible end in the gas chamber. The supporting cast is well chosen, and Mr. Kershner's direction is excellent. It is unfortunate that the character of the fictional newspaper reporter is both overdrawn and illogical. *The Hoodlum Priest* was filmed in Jefferson City, Missouri, and in the St. Louis area.

101 *Dalmations* (Buena Vista, Walt Disney) is as lighthearted and engaging as *The Hoodlum Priest* is dark and tragic. Based on the best-selling book by Dodie Smith, this enchanting feature-length cartoon is refreshing entertainment for the entire family. This is a delightful way to go to the dogs!

Science-fiction films are still with us. *The Village of the Damned* (M-G-M, Wolf Rilla), adapted from *The Midwick Cuckoos* by John Wyndham stars George Sanders in an unusual excursion into the supernatural. The setting is a quiet English village. At least it was a quiet village until one fine day, when suddenly — see it yourself, if you are interested in a well-made offbeat thriller.

Gorgo, on the other hand, is completely run-of-the-mill. Once again a monster from the deep emerges to avenge itself on hapless humans. In spite of ingenious technical effects this is strictly ho-hum.

The Great Impostor (Universal-International, Robert Mulligan) dramatizes some of the more lurid exploits of Ferdinand Waldo Demara, the notorious impostor whose adventures are related in the book by Robert Crichton. In spite of one or two effective sequences this must be written off as shallow and unimpressive.

Pepe (Columbia, George Sidney) is a vast, sprawling, and disjointed film which features many of the most famous names in the entertainment world. Pepe himself is played by the Mexican star Cantinflas, one of the truly fine actors of our day. The film proves one thing beyond any shadow of doubt: that names are not enough. A well-made script and a compelling story are still essential in the making of a distinguished film. *Pepe* has neither. In addition, there are frequent lapses from good taste both in the dialog and in the action.

Holy Week was ushered in with the presentation of a stirring and deeply moving religious drama, *Give Us Barabbas,* presented by CBS TV on the *Hallmark Hall of Fame* series. Holy Writ tells us very little about Barrabas, the murderer and insurrectionist who was released when Pontius Pilate yielded to the clamor of the mob. In *Give Us Barabbas* the author, Henry Denker, speculates on what could have happened.

Letter to the Editor

Dear Editor:

I hope that now that you have opened up for discussion Dr. Krekeler's review of the book edited by Dr. Zimmerman you will allow me to comment on Dr. Zimmerman's recent letter.

It seems to me that far from having answered Dr. Krekeler's criticisms, the very arguments Dr. Zimmerman uses only confirm Dr. Krekeler's views. My main purpose is to point out an unnecessary and unwarranted confusion introduced into the argument by use of "theory" in a double sense, both denoting a body of fact on which the theory, properly speaking, of evolution is based, and the mechanisms in question. Before, however, going into this, I should like to deal very briefly with some of the theological arguments put forward.

Dr. Zimmerman quite rightly points out that Dr. Krekeler's position is contrary to the views expressed in the Brief Statement and, possibly, to some of the resolutions of the San Francsico Convention. But surely both the Brief Statement and the resolutions of the San Francisco Convention are open to discussion and we cannot use these documents as infallible sources of doctrine on the same level with Scripture, or even the Confessions. Dr. Zimmerman, in referring to the Confessions, is indeed careful enough to point out that they do not deal with evolution as such. Nevertheless, he tries to show that the Formula of Concord and the Smalcald Articles implicitly condemn the scientific theory of evolution. I think this is clearly an inadmissable argument. We cannot put thoughts that could not have occurred to people who lived three or four hundred years ago into their minds. The Confessional documents are concerned with the theological doctrine of creation and of original sin. Naturally they quote Scripture to establish a theological point but to use them in the present context would be to stretch a point too far.

I think it is also very instructive how Dr. Zimmerman not only sets the official documents of the Missouri Synod on the level of Scripture, but, in a way, it seems, also his own views and those of his colleagues. For instance, to his mind the fact that certain Old Testament passages are quoted in the New Testament implies that these passages have a historical or, what he prefers to call, a literal meaning. He asks the question: "was St. Paul wrong in his literal interpretation of Genesis 2:21-23: 1-?" It doesn't occur to him that the question need not be asked at all since all that the Apostle does is to bring out the true theological meaning of these O.T. passages regardless of their literal, allegorical, historical, or what have you, character.

Dr. Zimmerman quotes Dr. Surburg in saying that "many Roman Catholic and Protestant scholars, while rejecting the basic assumptions of atheistic evolution, nevertheless are willing to accept the theory of the origin of man as set forth by atheistic evolutionists." He goes on to say that these scholars regard the Genesis account as an inspired and theologically true account. One could fairly conclude that many orthodox Christians find it not inconsistent with their theoligical beliefs to adopt now current scientific views. However, Dr. Zimmerman rejects this possibility. It should be clear from the foregoing that here we have an issue on which honest, devout, Christians do disagree, and that for some the rejection of scientific conclusions regarding evolution is not a necessity; it is equally important to realize that certain conclusions from Scripture depend on assumptions, made by the interpreter, which cannot be validated from Scripture itself.

The main point, however, I should like to discuss is Dr. Zimmerman's answer to Dr. Krekeler's charge that "half-truths are spoken" in the book under review, and that "quotations are taken from the context of books that present the contrary views" and that there has been misrepresentation. Unfortunately, Dr. Zimmerman's reply furnishes another proof of these charges. I am sure he does this unintentionally but at least this should cast serious doubt on his method of debating.

In replying to Dr. Krekeler, Dr. Zimmerman mentions two issues. One is the question of parallel mutations. The other is the question, whether even all scientists agree on evolution. Let me take up the second first. To prove his point he quotes from an article by Dr. Everett C. Olson published in *Evolution After Darwin,* Vol. 1, University of Chicago Press, 1960. As quoted by Dr. Zimmerman one indeed gets the impression that Dr. Olson says there are many scientists who question the theory of evolution. In the same chapter from which Dr. Zimmerman quotes, Dr. Olson states (p. 526): "Organic evolution can be defined simply and loosely as the changes in organisms through successive generations in time. Then it can hardly be questioned, that within our understanding of earth and its life, evolution has occurred. In this sense it must be considered reality." Olson also states on the same page that "the existence of a variety of interpretations has led to misunderstandings among biologists, and even to conclusions among non-biologists, that there are many students of organisms who seriously question the theory of evolution. Somehow mechanism and process seem to have become confused. Organic evolution — the process of orderly change of successive generations through time — does occur and apparently has occurred for the total period of life on earth. There can be many theories of *how* (italics in the original) it occurred, each of which may explain part of all that has been observed, and these theories may be in complete conflict without invalidating the basic fact of evolution." I think anybody who reads Dr. Zimmerman's quotation will agree that the impression one gets from it is indeed quite different from that which one would obtain if one considered Dr. Olson's statement in its broader context. Clearly the point is this: when Dr. Zimmerman and his colleagues question evolution they wish to maintain 6-day creation. What some scientists worry about is this: *how*, by what mechanism, did evolution, that is the gradual emerging of various species, over millions of years, take place. It will not do to confuse the two problems.

The second issue concerns parallel mutations. Interested readers should look up the book and Dr. Krekeler's criticism. Here I should only like to point out that Dr. Zimmerman merely reasserts what Dr. Krekeler has criticized on the ground that parallel mutations are usually considered by biologists as evidence for descent from a common ancestor. In fact, in the case of the ruby-eyed Drosophila discussed in the review and in the reply to the review, I doubt whether even Dr. Zimmerman and Dr. Klotz would question the fact that the two Drosophila species did indeed have a common ancestor. It is difficult to see why Dr. Zimmerman has to make the obvious and irrelevant statement that albino human, albino deer, albino rat need not have had a common ancestor.

Dr. Zimmerman and his colleagues are willing to admit that some changes have occurred, that species are not fixed; they are even willing to allow for changes within the biblical "kinds"; yet, they fail to see that the superposition of these variations results in something that is undistinguishable from the biologist's evolution.

The last paragraph of Dr. Zimmerman's letter further confuses the issue by bringing in what he calls scientism and materialism and the question of miracles. Evolution deals with the working of the laws of nature, while miracles are outside the laws of nature and are direct manifestations of the power of God. It is unfortunate that he tries to create the impression that those who accept evolution as a scientific view cannot believe in miracles either. Reading of C. S. Lewis' book on miracles would clear up some of the difficulties Dr. Zimmerman has in this respect.

In conclusion I should like to end with a plea for an objective and charitable discussion of the problem arising out of tensions between science and religion.

Personally, I think that the book edited by Dr. Zimmerman has many valuable features, particularly those sections that deal with the *unjustified* extensions of the biological theory of evolution to moral, social, religious problems. Indeed, these problems deserve further careful discussion. If the issues are theological, they should be argued theologically; if they are scientific they have to be thrashed out in the way scientific disputes are settled. We cannot mix these two arguments, and we certainly cannot hope to settle either theology or science by appealing to emotions rather than to facts of revelation or of nature.

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A Minority Report

Shop Talk at the College Inn

By VICTOR F. HOFFMANN

THE CONVERSATION began haphazardly as do most conversations in The College Inn.

This was going to be a peculiar kind of discussion, we thought at the very beginning. No one was "cussing and discussing" the basketball coach. The season was over and perhaps most of us had forgotten how the coach had built character last season — but only he was really looking forward to next season.

Nor was anyone talking about girls, sororities, and things like that. A wag among this crowd of wags gave with the commentary on this subject: "We gave up talking about girls for Lent. But you know how it is. They're always around."

Suddenly, the discussion shifted to democracy for no obvious reason. Maybe we shifted because there was a connection between girls and democracy. Passing reference, to be sure, was made to some kind of Easter celebration in Florida where a lot of people revived life after suffering so much academically since last Christmas. Freedom of the younger generation, liberty, equality, and love of man and that sort of thing.

There is more here than meets the eye in case any of you parents really want to know. For the dedicated, may we refer you to *The Cresset,* March, 1961, and begin at the thirty-first line in column one, page twenty-four.

At the outset, the discussion was more difficult than any talk about girls for we tried at once to define democracy.

Soon most of the people around the table were ringing the changes on this theme: democracy is a hard word to define; no one can really describe democracy anyhow; we always end up in a dead-end street; in the final analysis, there are as many definitions as there are people who want to describe it.

We moved on to a proposition that seemed to follow: this is the way it is with most of the stuff that political scientists talk about; yet they always want the state to plan, to zone, to make decisions on principle; who knows enough about these matters to make decisions — and there's the atom bomb to make matters worse.

"Don't you know," said one, "that politics is an art?" A query about that: "The art of what?" The answer came back in a hurry: "The art of the possible. We do what we can do."

One quite youthful student was not satisfied with that: "Well, if everything is so tough to get at as we have been saying — well, then, how do we know enough to pin down what is meant by the possible?"

Another interrupted: "Well, actually, what is meant by the possible is this. You do what any reasonable man would do in the making of a decision."

At that, so many reached for the conversational button The College Inn almost found its balance: "Reasonable man, eh? You are a fine one to tell us about democracy and the art of the possible. What in heaven's name is a reasonable man?"

There was an answer to that, too, a funny kind of answer when you come to think about it: "Your common sense will just have to tell you."

Finally, after a long time of holding his tongue and his stomach, a young fellow from New Testament Religion I, a very Roman I representative, braced his faith and had the courage to take a stand: "All this kind of talk makes me uncomfortable. Back home in Missouri where I come from, Pastor Erd-Geist didn't fool around much with this kind of talk. He warned us that when we got to college, even at some of our Lutheran colleges, there would be all sorts of people who would try to spoil us by all kinds of philosophical speculation. Most of the time he told us that when that happens we should put our reason and mind under foot. The mind of man has to take a back seat when God talks."

The angry young man bull-dozed his way in: "For crying out loud — what do we have to do get into heaven — be morons? Am I supposed to tell Peter at the pearly gates: Look man, tell God that I left my mind on earth — I have come with the proper credentials."

Almost as if guided by special inspiration, the NTR I boy said: "Don't worry, you'll make it O.K."

The almost non-theological girl at the table changed the drift: "Let's look at this from another direction. If investigators of political data have a hard time working with their data, how can we have meaning about anything? We're going to end up with nihilism if this keeps up."

The NTR I man felt that he could stop this discussion and at least they stopped talking: "This is my view exactly. We can see now but darkly. After all, the things that count can't be counted. Just believe and everything will be O.K."

The Pilgrim

Professor Gohring

"All the trumpets sounded for him on the other side"
—PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

By O. P. KRETZMANN

Tomorrow and Tomorrow

FRIENDS HAVE been writing . . . The approach of this column to the problems of the twentieth century is "too pessimistic." "Why wear dark glasses continually and exclusively?" "Are you sure the world is only a ruined choir?" . . . This has happened before . . . It will happen again . . . A few words, therefore, not in defense but in explanation . . . Three fundamental theses . . .

1. The Church and the world must always be in sharp and uncompromising opposition . . . A perennial state of tension between the Church and the world is of the very essence of the Kingdom of God . . . The world stands always at the bar of the Church . . . Despite evasive voices to the contrary, there is no such thing as an amoral society . . . Society and the world must be either moral or immoral . . . Since they can not be moral without listening to the voice of God, an age which is marked by long and tragic forgetfulness of God must be immoral . . . Divine laws extend to every area of human life — government, the social order, the economic system, the entire structure of human society . . . To hide this truth and responsibility behind vague abstractions is to forget one of the purposes of the Church Militant here on earth . . . Essentially, only the Church and the members of the Church, who walk in eternal light, can distinguish good from evil . . . To whom shall the Law be preached if not to those who sin? . . .

Since there are various ways of achieving the Good in social, economic, and political matters, it follows that the Church can not advocate any one particular way of achieving the good life . . . It can and must, however, constantly cry out against evil . . . On the afternoon of Ascension Day Tiberius was still emperor of the Roman Empire, Pilate was still governor of Judea, and Herod was still secure on his throne . . . The world had changed, nevertheless . . . A young man whose name was Saul was preparing, unknown even to himself, to tumble the throne of Tiberius . . . A fisherman from the Lake of Galilee was ready to make the way of future Herods and Pilates more difficult . . . Three hundred years later, the Church had accomplished its function for that age . . . As long as we conceive this to be one of the functions of the Church, we can not but cry out against a world which is rushing madly away from God . . .

2. Seldom during the past two thousand years has the world come so clearly and obviously upon days of the yellow leaf as it has in the past half century . . . The perennial state of tension has become acute . . . We are in an age of Either-Or . . . I can not be at peace when mushrooming millions in India and China have not yet heard the name of Christ . . . I can not be at rest as long as bums are set on the Skid Rows of our country by those who trample the blood drops of humanity . . . I can not be happy as long as men turn away from the Church in loud or quiet bitterness because we who are the Church have failed them in their hours of need . . . I can not be content to see Christians thoughtlessly acquiesce in the philosophy of the rattling sword and the doctrine that might makes right . . . I can not substitute gold for human flesh and blood, lying for truth, and dishonor for honor . . . Ours is a prodigal world and it is time for us to say so . . . The hour of the husks has come . . . It seems to be the task of our generation to make that perfectly clear by sharp, relentless, and persistent criticism of the way of the world . . . The prodigal will return only when the application of the Divine Law has brought him to the realization that he and the swine are eating the same swill . . .

3. All this is pessimistic . . . I know that . . . It is, however, a provisional pessimism . . . The Christian view of life in the twentieth century must be marked both by temporary pessimism and final optimism . . . Finally, of course, there can be no defeat for God and His Church . . . For the Church and the individual Christian mind this is a time of loud crying and still waiting . . . Even more certain than the fact that the world has come upon dark days is the fact that the final tomorrow will be better than all our yesterdays . . .

I know, too, that there is no salvation in the social order . . . Christ did not die for Germany, France, England, or Italy . . . Nor for United States Steel, the Ford Motor Company, or the United States of America . . . But He did die — and this must be said over and over again — for the men and women who stand behind these faceless abstractions . . . Each and every one of them is a child of God, real or potential . . . To them the Church has much to say . . . The grace of God is still strange, universal, and mightier than armies . . .

So, unless I am persuaded otherwise, I must continue to be pessimistic about today and optimistic about tomorrow.